HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXIV.—No. 1208.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1880. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.
$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1880, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

THE spirit and sentiment of St. Valentine's Day are fading. The world is growing too prosaic. Love-making and matrimony are no longer conducted on the principle of a bashful lover worshipping from afar off, and under the disguise of an *incognito*, some shrinking maiden who revels in the mystery of an unknown adorer. Marriage is walked up to by both parties in a business-like fashion. Neither is in the least timid, and the matter is put through according to rule, and as if it wore only the features of an ordinary contract. This has nearly done away with the occupation of good St. Valentine, and the missives he now presides over are too often only annoying and insulting communications, pointed by caricature, and sent by persons who have no regard for the feelings of others. Mr. EYTINGE encourages us to think that our colored friends are still votaries of the good old fashion; but we fear his are ideal negroes, and that, delightful as they are to come in contact with, they do not fairly represent the race.

The palmy days of St. Valentine were in MADDER's time. In his delightful *Rambles* he describes the festival, and tells us: "The streets swarm with carriers and baskets laden with treasures; bang, bang, bang, go the knockers, and away rushes the banger, depositing first upon the door-step some packages from the basket of stores; again and again at intervals, at every door to which a missive is addressed, is the same repeated until the baskets are empty. Anonymously St. Valentine presents his gifts, labelled only, 'With St. Valentine's love,' and 'Good-morrow, Valentine.' Then within the houses of destination the screams, the shouts, the rushings to catch the bang-bangs; the flushed faces, sparkling eyes, rushing feet to pick up the fairy gifts; inscriptions to be interpreted, mysteries to be unravelled, hoaxes to be found out; great hampers—heavy, and ticketed, 'With care: this side upward'—to be unpacked, out of which jump little live boys, with St. Valentine's love to the little ladies fair; the sham bang-bangs which bring nothing but noise and fun; the mock parcels that vanish from the door-steps by invisible strings when the door opens; monster parcels that dwindle to thread-papers denuded of their multiplied envelopes, with fitting mottoes—all tending to the final consummation of good counsel, 'Happy is he who expects nothing, and he will not be disappointed.' It is a glorious night; marvel not that we would perpetuate so joyous a festivity."

All that we of this generation know of St. Valentine's Day is the transmission of paper missives called valentines; but we see that in MADDER's time much more substantial favors were exchanged by lovers and others, while in certain parts of England and other countries the word "valentine" bore a very different significance from any we have ever attached to it. On the eve of St. Valentine's a number of young folks—maids and bachelors—would assemble together, and inscribe upon little billets the names of an equal number of maids and bachelors of their acquaintance, throw the whole into a receptacle of some sort, and then draw them out after the manner of a lottery, care being taken, of course, that each should draw one of the opposite sex. The person thus drawn became the other's valentine. Of course each, besides having got a valentine for himself, became some one else's valentine; but as MISSON, a learned traveller of the early part of the last century, writes, "the man stuck faster to the valentine that had fallen to him than to her to whom he had fallen." These imaginary engagements, as may be supposed, often led to real ones, because one necessary consequence of them was that for a whole year a bachelor remained bound to the service of his valentine, somewhat after the manner of a mediæval knight to the service of his lady-love.

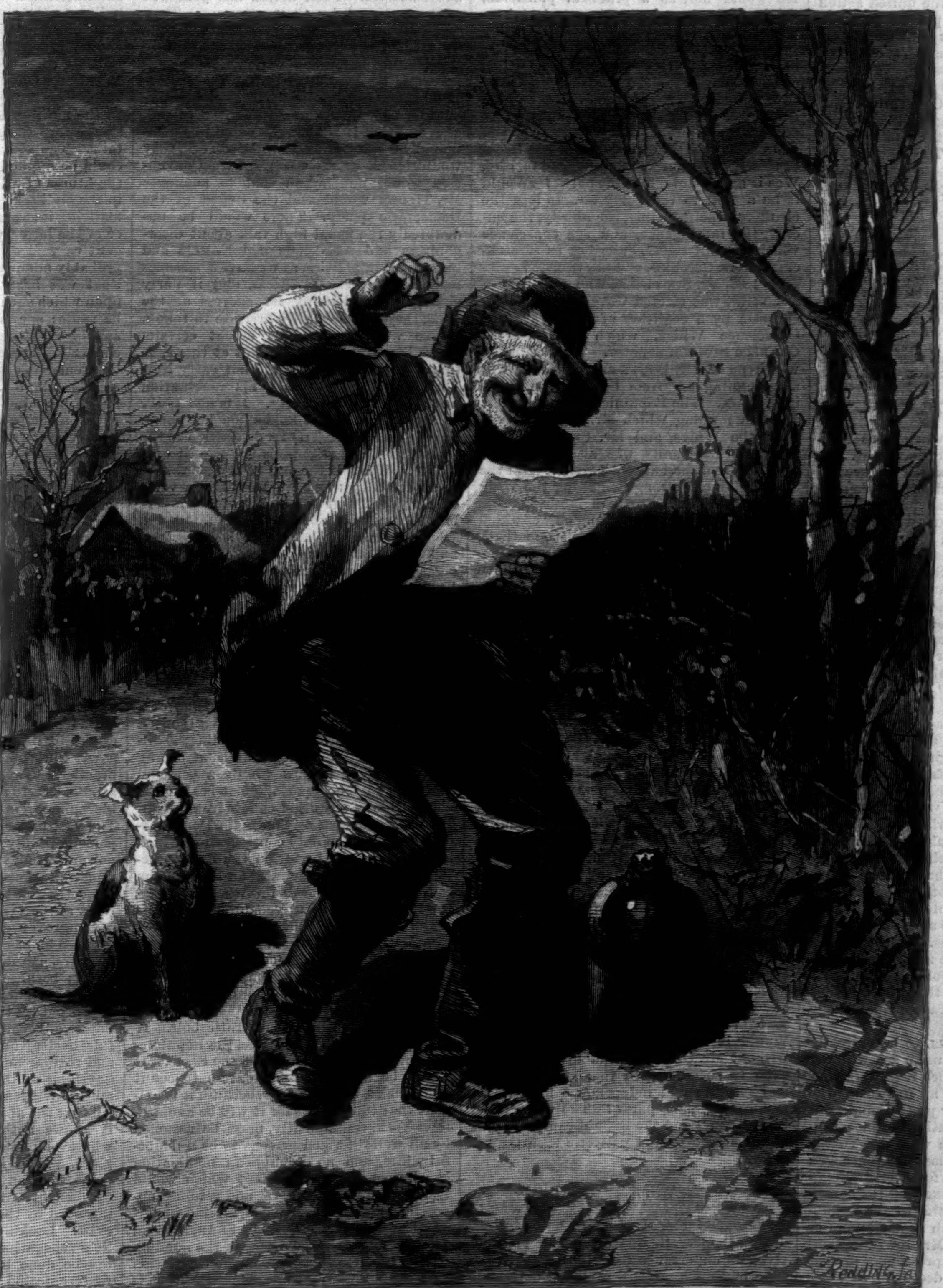
The resemblance between this custom and that of the ancient Romans, who practiced a similar ceremony on the feast of the Lupercalia, given in honor of the Lycæan Pan, has led to the theory that the one is but a continuation of the other. As a good deal of barbarous and licentious conduct was often the result of this ceremony, the zealous fathers of the early Christian Church are said to have used every means in their power to eradicate such vestiges of pagan superstition. The names of saints, instead of those of girls, were placed upon the billet, and the saint that each drew was to be his tutelary guardian during the following year. The connection with St. Valentine appears to have been entirely accidental, his day having probably been chosen because it occurs in the middle of February, the time when the Lupercalia were celebrated.

We began with a lament that good St. Valentine, with his dainty missives, turtle-doves, and tender verses, had been nearly hustled off our soil by the prosaic nature of our ways; but we find that it was not done without a struggle to adapt him to the customs of our commercial country, and make him pay. It takes our cousins across the sea to tell us of our faults, and the following may be found in the pages of a popular English magazine:

"In America, St. Valentine is popular, and would seem to be turned to a direct practical advantage in the way of initiating the process of courtship and facilitating the process of matrimony. Of course, in a great country that licks creation, and is just now reposing and 'recuperating' after licking itself; where marriages are cooked up in a short railway trip, and performed by some zealous and opportune clergyman *in transitu*; where railway companies attach 'bridal chambers' to excursion trains as part of their regular furniture, and where enterprising couples plight their troth and endow each other with all their worldly goods in a balloon—in such a country it is no great marvel if there should be some truth in the hymeneal puff of an advertisement like the following, culled from a 'Worster *Democrat*,' issued in early February a few years ago:

> 'The great increase in marriages throughout Wayne County during the past year is said to be occasioned by the superior excellence of the Valentines sold by GEORGE HOWARD. Indeed, so complete was his success in this line that Cupid has again commissioned him as the 'Great High-Priest' of Love, Courtship, and Marriage, and has supplied GEORGE with the most complete and perfect assortment of 'Love's Armor' ever before offered to the citizens of Wayne County. During the past year the 'Blind God' has centred his thoughts on producing something in his line far surpassing anything he has previously issued. And it is with 'feelinks' of the greatest joy that he is able to announce that he has succeeded.'"

Clearly it is impossible to expect that delicate or sensitive people can hereafter make use of the valentine. There seems nothing to do but resign it with a sigh as one more of the pleasant customs of our forefathers, which for some reason we have concluded to abandon.



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

"HE! HE! HE! IT TAKES OLD BILLY TO FASCINATE THE GALS."—DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, February 21, 1880.

☞ *With this issue of* Harper's Weekly *our readers will receive No. 15 of* Harper's Young People, *a beautiful and attractive journal of Sixteen Pages, richly illustrated, and containing a great variety of interesting reading matter.*

The issue of Harper's Young People *No. 16, containing illustrations and reading matter of the most varied and attractive character, will be sent out with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

"SLOUGHING OFF."

A VERY temperate and admirable address to the Republican State Convention of Pennsylvania was issued just before that body assembled, signed by nearly two hundred Republicans, whose names, so far as we recognize them, are of great weight, and represent many other hundreds and thousands of Republicans. The signers believe that the Republican party "represents in great part the intelligence, the conscience, and the thrift of the American people," and precisely for these reasons, they say, it is full of those who will not support candidates whom they distrust, or measures which they do not approve. They hold that the last election in New York shows what can be accomplished by "the united action of those who care less for party supremacy than for the great ends for which party organizations are but a means." They are of opinion that this experiment will be repeated upon a greater scale at the Presidential election, "if the Chicago Convention shall present a candidate lacking in the essentials which can alone command the confidence of the independent voter." The address proceeds to state that the signers have no candidate to suggest, but it says plainly that

> "the number of Republicans is very large who can not be relied upon to support one whose candidacy would violate a tradition which has become part of the unwritten law of the nation; nor one who regards the skillful use of patronage for personal ends as the highest functions of a statesman; nor one whose past inability to resist temptation would put his supporters on the defensive throughout the campaign; nor one whose personal ambition may lead him to regard the public service as a mere instrumentality for furthering his own ends. The lengths to which party leaders are prepared to go in the effort to advance their political fortunes are viewed with alarm, and the cause of danger is found in the low standards of many political leaders, and the unworthy methods by which the scramble for power is conducted."

This is an exceedingly important, as it is a most moderate and forcible, document. It is one of the declarations which are events, and it is full of the conviction and courage from which the Republican party sprang. But we observe that Mr. Boutwell, in a recent interview just before the address was issued, expressed great impatience with such action as the attempted "dictation" of dilettantes, scratchers, bolters, and Germans; and he is stated to have said that "if we lose the next election by these elements sloughing off, we shall have a strong, healthy party that will grow up to power in four years by its own strength, and by the general 'cussedness' of the Democrats." This is a plain expression of the feeling of many professional Republican politicians who have not the experience nor the standing of Mr. Boutwell. But although Mr. Boutwell gives it the sanction of his name, it is only the talk of the professional politician, not of the American citizen who properly understands the American principle and popular government. We should like to ask Mr. Boutwell whether scratchers, bolters, Germans, dilettantes, the signers of the Pennsylvania address, or any other class of citizens, being honest and intelligent persons, are not quite as reputable and useful people as professional politicians. Are the opinions of quiet men who are not office-seekers less important, or their votes less valuable to those who seek office, than the opinions and votes of men who trade in patronage and live by politics?

Assuming Mr. Boutwell to be correctly reported, he must permit us to ask whether an expression of preference regarding candidates upon the part of an American who is not an office-holder or professional politician is any more "dictation" than a similar expression from one who is. To the general mind it really seems that gentlemen like Mr. Cameron and his followers in Pennsylvania, and Mr. Conkling and his henchmen in New York, "dictate" to the Republican party quite as much as scratchers or bolters or Germans; and Mr. Boutwell will observe that the least expression of dissent from the opinions and decisions of these gentlemen is instantly stigmatized by their adherents as the attempted dictation of a handful of "sore-headed" scratchers and bolters, who are "too good for this world." But while they live in this world, and are legal voters in this part of it, and are, moreover, intelligent and industrious members of society, can Mr. Boutwell or any other gentleman offer a good reason why the expression of their opinions and preferences is "dictation," any more than the similar expressions of Mr. Boutwell, for instance, or of Mr. Thomas C. Platt, or of Mr. Timothy O. Howe, or of any other respectable citizen who announces his views upon the subject? This kind of talk, as Mr. Boutwell is probably aware, is merely a familiar form of "blackguarding the plaintiff's attorney." But he would, perhaps, reply that the "dictation" becomes such only when it is used as a threat. It is a declaration, he would say, of these scratching, bolting, and German persons that if they can not have their own way they will leave the party. But this does not mend the matter. A political party is an association for certain purposes. It is the purpose, not the conviction, which is important, and therefore when the purpose disappears, the association is valueless to sensible and patriotic men. Every individual must decide for himself when a party is no longer to be supported; but it is not a threat, it is only good manners, if a considerable number of such persons communicate their decision to those who are counting upon their votes. Under our political methods, undoubtedly, "the great majority of the party will shape its course." But Mr. Boutwell will admit that its course can be shaped wisely only upon careful consideration of the circumstances. He would not, as a practical politician, think it wise in a doubtful State to take a course which would probably cost the party thousand of votes, nor, unless he has lost his sagacity as a politician, would he define a due attention to the probabilities of the situation as yielding to "dictation," and defeat as the "sloughing off" of elements that prevent the Republicans from being a strong and healthy party. There was a great deal of this Republican "sloughing off" in 1876. Was it an advantage to the party? Would it be a gain to the party now to lose the character, the principle, the ability, the energy, the intelligence, and the conscience which Mr. Boutwell describes as scratchers, bolters, Germans, and dilettantes?

In 1852, Mr. Boutwell, who was then a Democrat, was elected Governor of Massachusetts by a coalition of Democrats and Conscience Whigs, which also elected Charles Sumner Senator. That coalition which made Mr. Boutwell Governor was a "sloughing off" from both of the existing parties. The Republican party in New York, in forming which Mr. Seward came from the Whigs, and Mr. Preston King from the Democrats, was also a "sloughing off" from the two old parties. Did the "sloughing off" strengthen either the Whig or the Democratic party in Massachusetts or New York? The "sloughing off," of which Mr. Boutwell was a part, was stigmatized, he will remember, as a fanatical and disreputable bargain. But we do not believe that he has any doubt that it took with it from both parties quite as much patriotism, integrity, and intelligence as it left behind, and that it produced quite as "strong and healthy a party" as either the moribund Whig or Democratic. We shall be slow to believe that Mr. Boutwell really supposes that the "sloughing off" from the Republican party of all the elements of strength and principle represented by scratchers, bolters, Germans, dilettantes, and independents, and the retention by it of the whiskey thieves, parasites, bummers, "bosses," and trading politicians, who infest every great party, would make the Republican organization healthier or stronger. In the National Convention of 1860, at Chicago, Joshua R. Giddings was withdrawing from the Convention because it declined to adopt in its platform some words from the Declaration of Independence. He was but one man; but the Convention, seeing him going, reconsidered and adopted the words he proposed. Would the Republican party have been "healthier and stronger" for the "sloughing off" of Mr. Giddings and all that he represented? Was his withdrawal "dictation"? Would it have been better to be beaten without Mr. Giddings and his convictions than to succeed with them, trusting that less resolute and independent men would make a stronger party? The Convention thought not, and the Republican party was not less earnest and patriotic then than it is now.

THE DEMOCRATIC QUARREL IN NEW YORK.

The Democratic quarrel in New York derives its importance from the fact that the vote of New York will probably determine the Presidential election of this year. But it is a merely personal quarrel, and that makes it both irreconcilable and transitory. It has been always said with perfect confidence that Democratic quarrels lasted only until election, and that however loud and fierce the threats of bolting might be, the party would "poll its last man" when voting-time came. But last autumn, in an election which was declared to be of the utmost importance, as involving the national result of this year, a section of the Democratic party deliberately gave the State to their opponents; and the same section by its leaders recently resolved at Albany "that we affirm the undoubted right of Democrats to reject a nomination made by a party convention of a candidate who is offensive to a considerable body of the party." At a recent meeting of the Democratic Committee of Richmond County, one of the members, upon being charged with not supporting the ticket, maintained his right "to go as he pleased" at the polls, and he was not disciplined. These are all signs of a change. It can not be assumed longer that the Democrats in New York will abide faithfully by the good old party tradition of voting for the devil if he be regularly nominated, and that is something which Republicans must heed.

The local difference in that party is one of the most important elements in the Presidential calculations of the year. But it would be a great mistake to base the hopes of Republican success upon the Democratic quarrel. Mr. Kelly and his men would undoubtedly give the State to the Republican candidate if Mr. Tilden should be nominated. But they do not wish to do it, because they know that it would destroy them as Democrats. Their action last year was well considered for their purposes. They wished to prove incontestably that New York could not be carried for a Democratic Presidential candidate without their support, and they certainly proved it. If they should say, therefore, to the Democratic Convention that New York is essential to success, and that if Mr. Tilden should be nominated he should not have New York, they would speak by the card, and the Convention would understand that to nominate Mr. Tilden would seal the defeat of the Democratic party. There would be undoubtedly the usual high talk about disorganizers and sore-heads and traitors and bolters. But politics, as we have sometimes remarked, is very practical, and if party managers are looking for success at the polls, they will naturally hesitate to take a course which will make defeat certain. There is nothing more evident at this time than that Mr. Tilden could not carry New York, and therefore that his nomination would be fatal to his party. It is no answer to say that he has a hold upon his party, that he can send a Tilden delegation to the Convention, and that he is the logical candidate. What is the use of saying this if there are fifty thousand Democratic votes in New York that he can not get? It was Mr. Tilden, and not Governor Robinson, who was in question at the last election, and more than seventy-five thousand Democratic votes were cast against him. Mr. Kelly undertook to prove that New York could not be carried for a Democratic candidate against his will, and we repeat that he proved it.

But the quarrel is merely personal. It involves no principle, and that must be remembered in all Republican calculations. The Hunker and Barnburner division of a quarter of a century since was really made by the vital question of slavery, like the Silver-gray and Woolly-head division among the Whigs. It is now wholly a personal quarrel, and the important fact is that the nomination of any other candidate than Mr. Tilden would instantly unite the Democratic party; and the only consideration which in that case could restrain the Kelly faction from extraordinary zeal for the common cause would be the doubt whether, under the Republican executive supremacy in the State, the Kelly municipal ascendency would be imperilled. It is a Republican duty, therefore, to bear constantly in mind that the risk of last autumn ought not to be taken again. The action of the Republican managers at that time was based upon their confidence in a Democratic bolt. If the bolt had not taken place, the Republican machine would have lost the State. It would be a fatal miscalculation to count upon such a bolt this year, because it is evident that the pretext for it will be avoided. New York, consequently, must be assumed by all well-informed persons to be a doubtful State, and no Republican nomination can be considered expedient which would instantly arouse a general and resolute opposition upon perfectly defined and impersonal grounds. Mr. Speaker Sharpe, in an interview, rests his advocacy of the nomination of General Grant upon the conviction that he is stronger than his party; that is to say, that he will poll all the Republican votes, and Democratic and independent votes in addition. If this were a correct view, it would establish the expediency of the nomination. But a nomination which would instantly throw the party upon the defensive against a varied line of attack could hardly be considered expedient. It would force the party to confront the undoubted alienation of the German vote; the sincere and wide-spread objection to a third term, and the overthrow of a sound tradition without the slightest reason; the faults of two administrations; the deep distrust of many persons and influences and methods that were then paramount; the feeling that the whole movement was a vast reaction toward a situation which had nearly destroyed Republican ascendency. It is not easy to see how it is supposed that the only nomination which would at once arouse this strong and various opposition, which is already powerfully declared, would draw votes from Democrats and independents. The conservative sentiment which desires to avoid financial or political disturbance naturally and logically hopes for the prolongation of the present situation, under which trade and industry have revived, administrative scandals are unknown, and party spirit has been mollified. It would be the promise of the continuance of these things, not of their interruption, which would attract independent and moderate Democratic votes—votes which are indispensable—to the Republican party.

"MARTINET" EXAMINATIONS.

A recent communication to the Cincinnati *Gazette*, while praising in general the administration of President Hayes, in alluding to the civil service speaks of "martinet examinations." The writer probably had no very clear idea of his own meaning in using the word martinet, beyond a desire to express contempt. Martinet is a word describing a rigid adherent to discipline. In the military service it describes a precisian, a formalist, a devotee of technical details. The only sense in which the word could be applied to an examination testing the fitness of an applicant for appointment in the civil service is one of contempt, stigmatizing it as a useless form. But the writer of the letter, who is evidently an intelligent as well as a veteran observer, would probably admit upon reflection that his epithet was hasty. There are two systems upon which such original appointments can be made: one is by the mere favor of the appointing power, the other is by ascertained merit. Those who are in the service can be promoted, of course, by any system that may be adopted. The writer undoubtedly has in his mind as an ideal system that in which a competent superior officer presides who is intent upon the honest discharge of a public trust without regard to foreign and illicit considerations, and who selects for his subordinates those whom he knows to be honest and competent and equally devoted with himself to the public service, and with his own disregard of other considerations. This he undoubtedly thinks to be a natural and admirable system—that, in fact, upon which all reasonable and prosperous business, public or private, is conducted. We agree with him that there could be no better system than that of such a superior appointing such a subordinate, of whom he has personal knowledge, and in selecting whom he is entirely uninfluenced by any consideration but that of the special duty confided to him.

But would any observer of our politics, especially if he were a veteran observer, assert that this is or has been the American practice? There are nearly a hundred thousand offices, to say nothing of the innumerable "places," in the civil service to be filled. The vast majority of them must be filled by persons wholly unknown to the appointing power. It must depend, therefore, upon the representations of others. But it knows perfectly well that most of these representations are interested and illicit. A member of Congress urges the appointment of a man because he has been useful to him; because he has some debt to pay, some promise to fulfill; because the man will be useful; because he wishes to have a trusty henchman supported by the public. Or a local committee advocates the appointment of a useful "heeler," an admirable "worker," an old and regular bummer who "has never asked anything of the party." These are all familiar brethren, and their kindred are legion. All that the appointing power knows is that it knows nothing and can know nothing whatever of the fitness of the man for the place. It is impossible, therefore, to appoint from any personal knowledge, or for the benefit of the service. The conditions intended by the writer in the *Gazette* do not exist. Looking at the interests of the public service, what, then, is to be done? What *can* be done but either to depend upon a representation which is naturally and rightfully distrusted, or to ascertain fitness by an equal and impartial test? If the writer of whom we speak were superintendent of a factory, and obliged to appoint an engineer, would he take the word of those whom he knew did not care whether an applicant was a good engineer or not, or would he practically test the applicant's fitness and skill? Of course he would do the last.

The only resort left to him is the denial that the examinations which have been instituted for appointments in the civil service are adapted to their purpose. What is their purpose? It is twofold. First, they are intended to baffle "personal influence" altogether; and second, to determine general knowledge and particular qualification. As for the actual business tact or faculty which may be necessary, that is determined in the only way possible—by careful trial upon probation. The first purpose is to promote the self-respect of the service by making honesty and capacity the tenure of office, instead of the favor of a person, a politician, or a committee of politicians; the second is to secure the most efficient and economical service. Now both of these results are accomplished, and the effectiveness of the system in securing most intelligent and most competent officers has been proved beyond question or cavil in the positions in the New York Custom-house to which it has been applied. Vacancies in certain upper positions in the Collector's office and the Naval and Surveyor's offices are filled, not by persons recommended by ward committees and party "bosses," but by those who have shown in a fair and equal competition with others that they are more generally intelligent and more especially qualified for the places to be filled. If this is the result of martinet examinations, we are sure that the most veteran of observers will gladly demand more of them, for when they are everywhere enforced the only possible way will have been taken of attaining the end that he wishes.

THE PENNSYLVANIA REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The proceedings of the Pennsylvania Republican Convention dispose conclusively, it seems to us, of the assertion that because there is a general feeling of kindness and respect for General Grant, he is therefore the spontaneous and resistless preference of the Republican party for the Presidential nomination. It has even been asserted by some of his sincerest friends that if this were not so, if the anticipation of a tornado of enthusiasm was a miscalculation, General Grant would not enter into a contest for the nomination, and would withdraw his name. Such action upon his part would unquestionably give him a unique distinction in history. But should he remain a candidate for the nomination, the action of the Pennsylvania Convention shows that it can be secured only by a desperate struggle.

With all Mr. Cameron's unquestionable prestige, with the undoubted Cameron power over the party in Pennsylvania, with every possible advantage, and with the most unhesitating and skillful use of advantages in a Convention especially selected to prove the resistless demand of the party, the third-term force in the Convention was but 133 votes against 113 in opposition. The result shows, further, that even the professional politicians, who have been supposed to be unanimous for the third term, are divided. Those who urge it as the true policy of the Republican party insist, however, that it is only necessary to secure the nomination, even by extraordinary means like those of the Pennsylvania Convention in selecting national delegates, because the General is sure to be elected. This, however, is what everybody says of his candidate, and the worth of the assertion can be tested only by the result.

Meanwhile it is a mere assertion, and meanwhile, also, it is evident that those who urge it insist upon exposing a man who has been twice nominated by acclamation, and elected for his second term by a popular majority of three-quarters of a million, who has held the Presidency for the same time as Washington and Jefferson, and who in his retirement, because of his identification with the Union cause, has been more honored than any American, to a scramble for the nomination, and to the possible catastrophe, for such a career, of defeat at the polls. In the most favorable view, even if the attempt be successful, it must be considered a humiliation for him to contest the nomination, and to be elected by a reduced popular vote. We say this as a Republican journal which has certainly never shown itself to be unmindful of the services of General Grant, or less devoted to the principles of the Republican party than the most vociferous advocates of a third term.

"TALL TALK."

Mr. Justin McCarthy, in his entertaining *History of Our Own Times*, which the Harpers have just issued in library form, mentions the furious partisan remarks which were made upon both sides at the accession of Queen Victoria, and which may well be pondered by the equally furious party organs in this country at the outset of a Presidential campaign. The Whig Lord Melbourne was Prime Minister, and the Queen was a little more than eighteen years old. Some prominent Whig politicians wrote and spoke as if the Tories would probably attempt a revolution. The *Times* insisted that if her Majesty turned "papist" she would forfeit the crown. The more radical, and especially the Irish, papers spoke plainly of Tory plots to depose or even to assassinate the Queen, and place her uncle the Duke of Cumberland upon the throne.

Mr. Watterson might be suspected of having borrowed his plan of summoning five hundred thousand Democrats to Washington "to see a fair count" in 1877, from Daniel O'Connell's declaration in a public speech, that if it were necessary he could get "five hundred thousand brave Irishmen to defend the life, the honor, and the person of the beloved young lady by whom England's throne is now filled." Young Henry Grattan said that if the Queen were once in the hands of the Tories, he would not give an orange peel for her life. There were other equally extravagant and absurd remarks; and on the other hand it was alleged that the Queen was to be forced by her ministers into a policy which would degrade the monarchy.

Eternal vigilance is doubtless the price of liberty, and every good citizen will be always watchful. But eternal buncombe is ridiculous. Passionate partisans on both sides in this country are vociferously asserting that the other side means to "count in" its candidates fraudulently. "Look at Maine," shouts one. "Look at Louisiana," shouts the other. The remedy lies with the Democratic Congress. Let it provide a fair and reasonable method of counting the electoral vote, and a startling "cry" will be silenced at once. But failure to do this will only stimulate the cry. "There can be no doubt," says Mr. McCarthy, "that all over the country passion and ignorance were at work to make the task of constitutional government peculiarly difficult."

THE APPRAISERSHIP.

The nomination of Mr. J. F. Howard as Appraiser at New York has provoked a great deal of censure. The appointment is one which requires the consent of the Senate, and is therefore not subject to the rules which are enforced for minor appointments. The spirit of a sound system, however, requires in such a case that the principle of promotion be observed. The official grade below that of Appraiser is Assistant Appraiser, and of the Assistants there are, we believe, ten. The senior Assistant, if he be a fit and available man, should therefore be promoted, or in such a case conspicuous fitness might outweigh mere seniority.

We understand that Mr. Bausch, the Assistant Appraiser, who, by common consent, is especially qualified for the chief post, declined decisively to allow his name to be considered. Other Assistants were pressed, and the President selected from among them Mr. Howard. It is now alleged that he was selected because he wrote a campaign life of the President. If that be the reason, it is one totally at variance with sound principles. But we have seen no evidence that if he were an incompetent Assistant Appraiser the President would have selected him because of the book. It is also alleged that he is incompetent. That would be a decisive objection if it were sustained. It is still further said that he was originally appointed in defiance of sound principles by mere favor. If that be true, we have no excuse to offer for such an original appointment. But we presume that it is equally true of the other Assistants who were urged for promotion that they were originally appointed by favor.

The real question, therefore, is, whether Mr. Howard, being an Assistant Appraiser in the same way with the other Assistants, is properly qualified for the duties of the higher place, and will prevent any political prostitution of it. The President, upon his responsibility, has affirmed that in his judgment he is so qualified. If the President has had any ulterior political purpose, or has desired merely to gratify personal preference, he has violated his declared principles. But this is not proved by asserting that Mr. Howard wrote the President's life.

FILLING UP THE HARBOR OF NEW YORK.

The whole country is interested in keeping the bay and harbor of New York from injury; but the enemy is at work again. He has introduced the Robbin's Reef Bill, which was defeated last year after a desperate contest, and against which the most competent engineers and the commercial interest of the city protest. The bill authorizes the building of an island on Robbin's Reef, and it is shrewdly suspected that some of the great corporations which desire a water front are behind the bill; and we have even heard it said that there are twenty thousand reasons to be offered to legislators for its passage. A powerful protest has been signed, and it would be impossible to show that the welfare or convenience of the State requires that such an island should be built in the bay.

Last May, General Newton, who is perfectly familiar with the subject, said: "It will be difficult and impossible to so direct the boundary lines of the filling as not, by interference with the currents and waves, to form a shoal exterior to and in addition to the filling itself. This concession is but preliminary to additional grants of land under water, by which the water area will be injuriously affected, to the general detriment of the harbor. If New York now commences, when will the end be, if the candle is lighted at both ends?" The Light-house Board, by General Barnard, said "that the proposition to construct an island around the light-house on Robbin's Reef is of a nature to occasion serious concern to those who are interested in preserving intact the aids to navigation in the harbor of New York," for "it is conceded that the purposes for which it might and probably would be used would ultimately impair the efficiency of the light, or render the site so unhealthy as to make it unfit for occupation. The light at Robbin's Reef is of very great importance as an aid to navigation, and the bare possibility of its liability to obscuration by the erection of buildings of greater elevation than the light, or by smoke or steam of factories, or of the site being rendered uninhabitable by unhealthy vapors, is a sufficient reason for protesting against the construction of the proposed work."

That it might be a convenience to a great corporation is not a reason for obstructing the harbor; and if for any adequate reason such a grant should be made, it should be only upon the most general and public notification, with an equal chance for all persons who may be interested. There has been, however, no adequate reason alleged, and we trust that the same vigilant good sense which defeated the project last year will not be less effective this year.

CONSUL-GENERAL AT PARIS.

The nomination of Mr. George Walker to be Consul-General at Paris is in every way unexceptionable. Mr. Walker is a gentleman of the highest character and accomplishments, who has discharged public duties with signal ability, and by his business experience is peculiarly fitted for a consular position. He has a large acquaintance with eminent Frenchmen and Englishmen, and will bring to his office a clear and incisive intelligence and careful training. It is an appointment which is altogether honorable to the Administration, and can not fail to be most serviceable to the good name of the country in Europe. The country is known abroad by the character and ability of its important representatives, and Mr. Walker belongs to the class of Americans who are especially qualified to represent us worthily.

OLD NEW YORK AND THE INDIANS.

Mr. Douglass Campbell, one of the most devoted students of the history of the State of New York, who is engaged upon a work of original research illustrating it, read an exceedingly interesting paper the other evening before the Historical Society upon the Indians in colonial New York. His paper is a striking presentation of the claim that the colonial policy of New York was not only just to the Indians, but that it was of the utmost value to English ascendency upon this continent, and to the Union. The colonists "simply treated the Indian as a man." They took nothing but by purchase, and their land titles were respected because for their lands they had Indian deeds. The Dutch colonists were traders, and made no pretense of missionary work. After the English conquest the Indians placed their lands under the protection of the crown. During the French war the colonists defended them against the French, and during the Revolution the Indians were the allies of Great Britain, and for the first time made war upon the colonists.

Except for this policy of the British colony, which secured the alliance of the Six Nations, who remained faithful, it is not impossible that France might have won in the great contest of more than a century which was waged with England for the control of the continent, and which Mr. Parkman is so brilliantly and exhaustively narrating in his historical series of France in America.

Mr. Campbell shows, further, how this colonial Indian policy affected the Union. The Six Nations and their land west of the Alleghanies had always been recognized by the other colonies as belonging to New York. But when the articles of confederation were to be signed, Virginia and Massachusetts and Connecticut claimed the territory under various charters. Maryland refused to join the confederacy until the dispute was settled. Then New York, with patriotic magnanimity, presented the northwest territory to the Union, and the confederation was completed by the accession of Maryland. The three States still maintained their claim, but a committee of Congress reported that the sole title was in New York, and that her deed would vest it wholly in the United States. This is an exceedingly interesting chapter of the annals of New York, and Mr. Campbell is plainly the man to complete the history which Mr. Brodhead unfortunately left unfinished.

PERSONAL.

Mr. F. W. J. Hurst, who has just been elected president of the St. George's Society of this city, has for several years occupied a prominent position among the business men of New York, especially with those engaged in foreign commerce. Mr. Hurst came to New York in 1866 as the managing agent of the National Steamship Company, and has from that time to the present conducted its affairs with exceptional ability. To be chosen to the presidency of the St. George's is a high honor socially and commercially. Among those who have occupied its chair are gentlemen whose names have been eminent in the mercantile history of New York. It is, moreover, one of our most venerable charitable societies, having been organized in 1786. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Moore, bishop of the diocese, was one of its early and efficient members, as was the late Bishop Eastburn, of Massachusetts. Among those who have been its presidents we find the names of Goldsbrow Banyar, Joshua Waddington, Jonathan Ogden, Anthony Barclay, Edward F. Sanderson, William Young, Hon. E. M. Archibald, Henry Eyre, Edward S. Jaffray, Henry E. Pellew, and John G. Dale. It has seventy-two pensioners on its books, and last year gave relief to 2635 transient Englishmen, distributed 2387 meal and 920 lodging tickets, besides extending its benign influences and acts to many who were sick and suffering.

—Secretary Thompson, of the navy, thinks that he "a particularly gentlemanly tone implants" when he gives an order of an agreeable character to an officer who don't look for it; as, for example, a few days since an officer of some prominence expostulated with him on being passed over, as were a dozen others, in the selection of Dr. Wales as Surgeon-General of the navy. Mr. Thompson, in "a particularly gentlemanly tone," replied: "You dispute my authority! I will give you a practical test. I will order you off to sea," which he did next day by ordering that officer, who had been on duty in Washington for several years, to proceed at once to duty in Chinese waters. These "official utterances" are sometimes disgustful.

—The readers of the New York *Sun* are frequently attracted by the exhaustive and discriminating reviews of new books, to which the editor gives considerable space, especially in the Sunday edition of the paper. Among the most striking of these reviews are those signed "M. W. H.," written by Mr. Mayo W. Hazeltine, who has also attracted attention by his contributions to the *North American Review*. Mr. Hazeltine is a native of Boston, Massachusetts, where he was born in 1841. His academic studies were pursued at Phillips Academy, Exeter, New Hampshire, and he graduated at Harvard in 1862, after which he spent three years at St. John's College, Oxford, England. He was admitted to the bar in this city in December, 1866, but showed a decided taste for literature and journalism, and wrote extensively for the newspapers and the magazines. In 1875 he began writing regularly for the New York *Sun*, and soon gained a high reputation for impartiality, critical acumen, and force of style.

—Michael A. Gleason, recently deceased at South Boston, left $30,000 to his wife. At her death $5000 of it will go to the Archbishop of Boston, the rest to be divided equally between the House of the Good Shepherd and the Home for Destitute Roman Catholic Children at Boston.

—Mr. Francis A. Palmer, president of the Broadway Bank, built, entirely at his own expense, a very beautiful church in the town of Bedford, Westchester County, and presented it to the Presbyterian Church. The old church building, which was given to Mr. Palmer upon the reception of the gift of the new one, was removed by him last winter two and a half miles north of the village, and fitted up as a chapel. On the 22d of March next it is proposed to hold a celebration of the bicentennial of the church, which was organized on the 22d of March, 1680, as a Congregational church. Arrangements are now in preparation for a notable celebration of the event, including a careful chronological history and a historical address by Rev. Dr. Charles W. Baird, of Rye, historian of the Presbytery. The people of Bedford, irrespective of Church preferences, are taking great interest in the coming celebration.

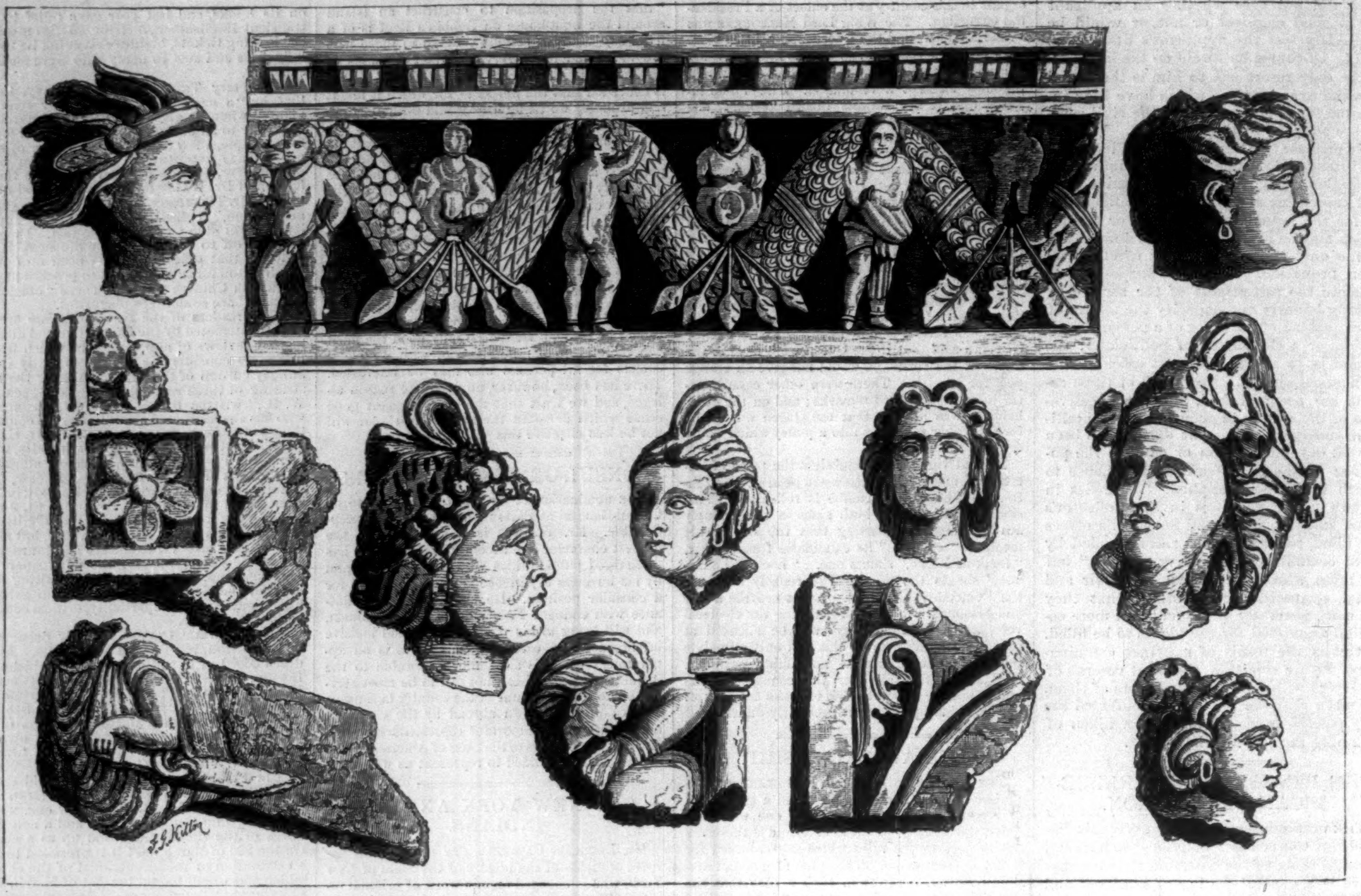
—In the *Life of Bishop Wilberforce*, just published, there are many pleasant anecdotes illustrating his readiness at repartee. He once spoke to a gamekeeper upon a neighboring estate, where he sometimes spent a quiet day shooting, about not going to church. The man pleaded guilty to the bishop's impeachment, but added that he read his Bible on Sunday afternoons, "And, my lord," said the keeper, "I do not find there that the Apostles went shooting." "You are quite right, my man, quite right," replied the bishop; "but it was because there was no game in the Holy Land. They went fishing instead."

—Mr. Welsh, ex-United States minister to England, has been chosen Honorary Chancellor of Union College, and will deliver the Commencement address in June next.

—It is said that Faber, the pencil-maker, who began business in Nuremberg about thirty years ago with a capital of £250, will commemorate the event by setting aside £5000, the interest of which, at five per cent.—£250—is to be annually given, under direction of trustees, to some poor and worthy young man about to start in business, and a native of Nuremberg.

—Mr. Laurence Oliphant, whose name is familiar to our readers, has announced that, with the unofficial approval of Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury, he has laid before the Turkish government a scheme for colonizing the fertile and unoccupied tract of land lying to the east of the Jordan, now sparsely inhabited by tribes of nomad Arabs. This tract includes the ancient land of Gideon, a part of the plains of Moab, and the lofty and well-timbered mountains of Gilead. The only revenue the Turkish government now derives from it is the small sheep-tax paid by the Arabs. Mr. Oliphant's plan is to form a Turkish company for the purpose of colonizing this tract with Jews (though Moslem refugees from Bulgaria and Roumelia will be made welcome), who will become subjects of Turkey. It also includes the building of a railroad to connect the colony with the sea-board.

—Mr. George Augustus Sala, in his letter to the London *Telegraph* and New York *World*, describing the vast extent and perfect comfort of the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, gives this pleasant pen-picture of its proprietor, Mr. Kingsley, who tried to help him out of his scrape of having no dress clothes (he was to go to dine with Mr. Childs), his baggage being delayed: "A very quiet, mild, unobtrusive-looking gentleman advanced and accosted me. He sympathized with my sorrows; he said—which was simply the truth—that accidents happened every day, and that they could not be helped, and he offered to assist me in any manner practicable under the circumstances. To whom, I asked, was I indebted for such prompt and unsolicited politeness. The mild and unobtrusive-looking gentleman made answer that he was the proprietor of the Continental Hotel. The proprietor of the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia! The admiral commanding Noah's Ark, the landlord of the Mammoth Cave, the 'boss' of the Tower of Babel and the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, rather. Why was he not a hundred and twenty feet high at the very least? Why did he not have a guard of halberdiers? Why was he not accompanied by a Grand Vizier, a Kislar Aga, a Sheikh-ul-Islam, and several Bimbashis? I declare that the salaried manager of a second-rate hotel at a third-rate English watering-place would have given himself more airs than did this lord of a thousand bedrooms—this monarch of an immeasurable table-d'hôte.



BUDDHIST ANTIQUITIES IN AFGHANISTAN.

BUDDHIST ANTIQUITIES.

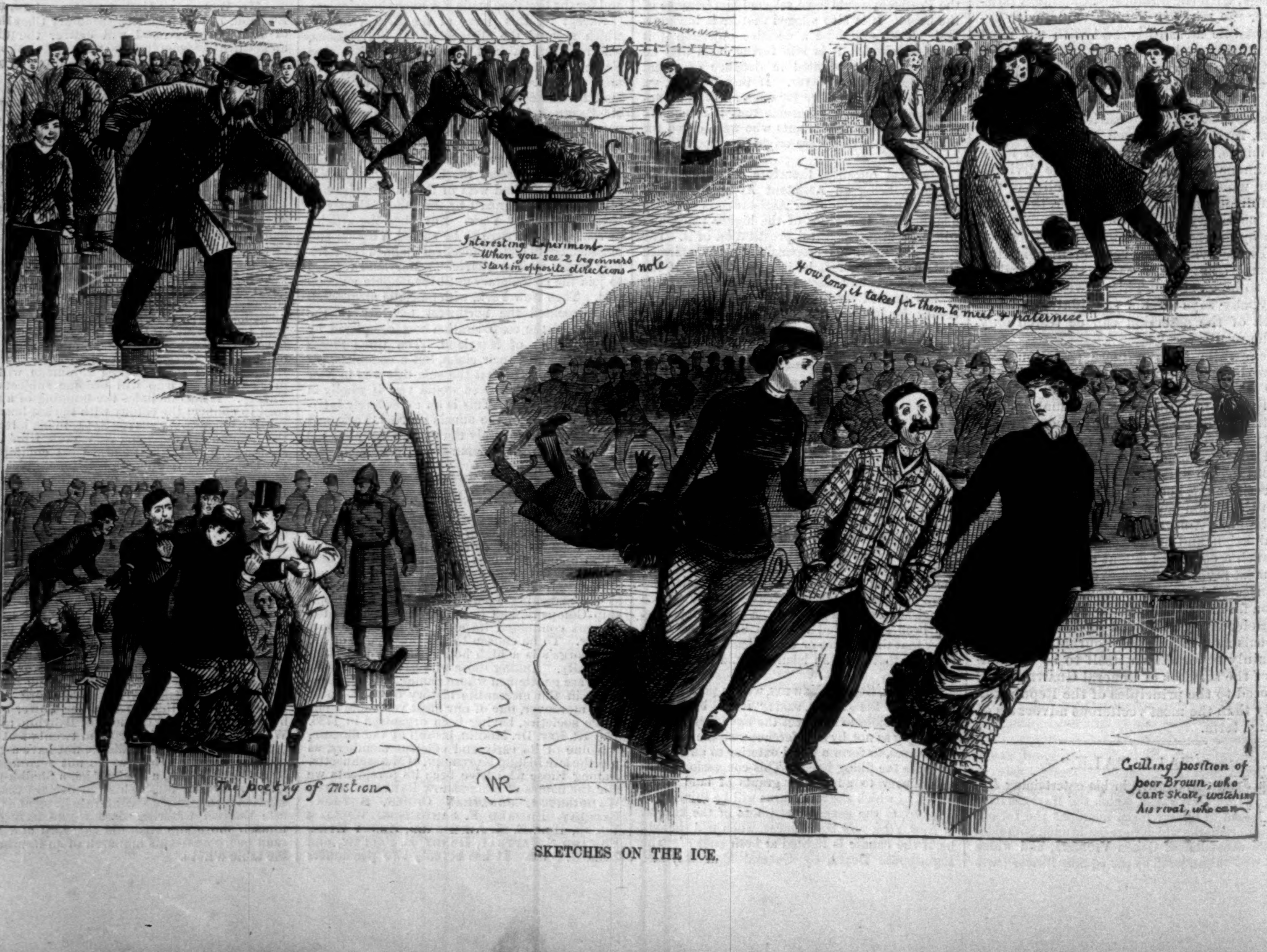
THE fragments of figures and of the alto-relievo shown in the accompanying sketches were discovered by the Rev. CHARLES SWINNERTON during some recent excavations on the site of the ancient Buddhist city of Hadah, four miles south of Jelalabad. This sculpture can not possibly be much less than one thousand years old.

GENERAL GRANT IN FLORIDA.

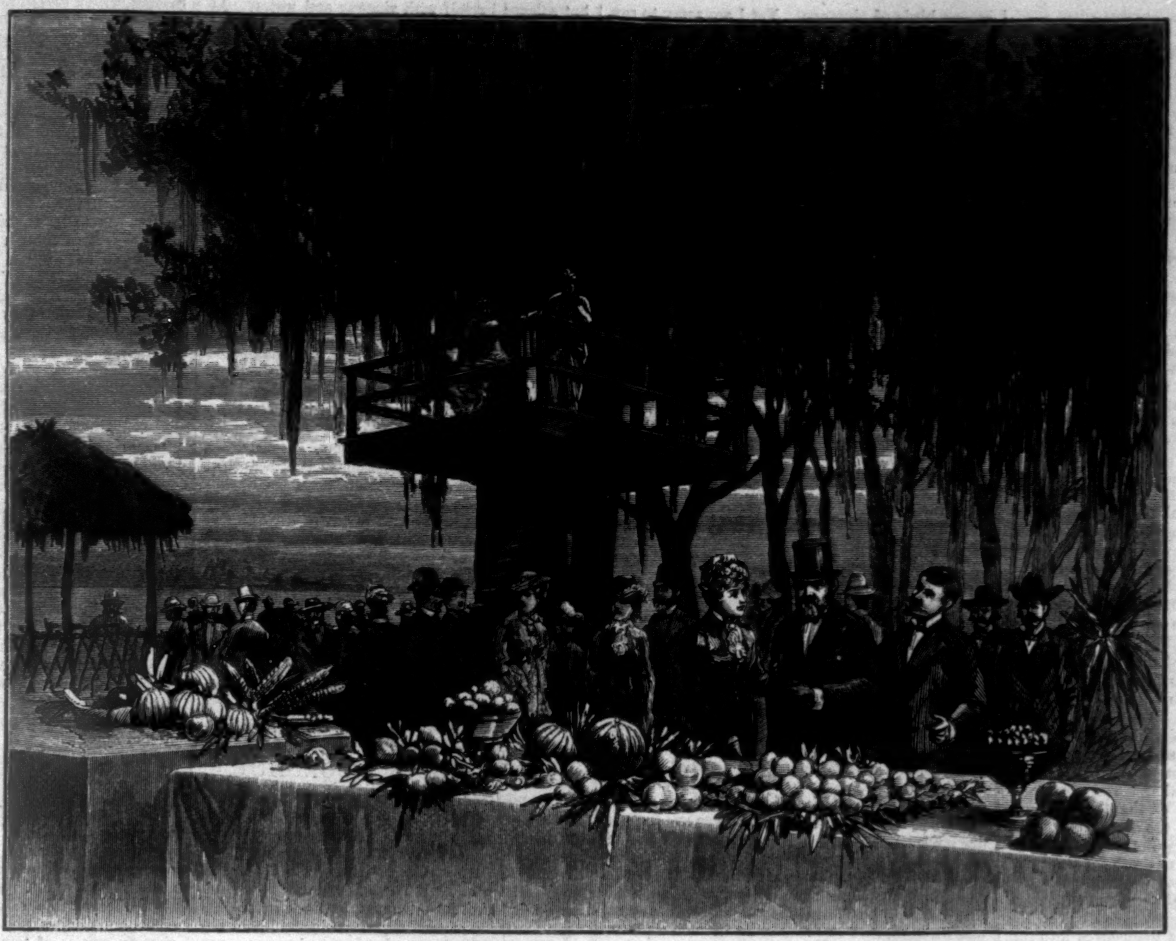
IN the previous number of the WEEKLY our readers were presented with a fine view of the Oklawaha River on the occasion of the trip made by General GRANT and his party up that famous stream on the 11th of January. Two more incidents of the Florida tour are illustrated on page 117 of the present number.

The people of Orange Park, on the St. Johns River, gave the General and his party a good opportunity to judge of the variety of the products of that place. Two long tables laden with early fruits and vegetables, including all the truck common to Northern gardens, besides the whole range of semi-tropical fruits, were exhibited. Lavish bouquets of flowers were scattered about, and the whole display furnished the best evidence of the fruitfulness of Florida soil. A visit was next made to the upper St. Johns, the tourists arriving at Silver Spring on the 11th ult. About one thousand persons, chiefly from Ocala, a thriving town some six miles inland, had gathered on the wharf, while a delegation with a band had repaired to a point about a mile below, where they completely surprised the party with "Hail Columbia" as the steamer rounded a bend in the rapid stream. General GRANT promptly accepted an invitation to visit Ocala, and a great cavalcade of horsemen and vehicles escorted the guests through the pines to the town. Leaving there on the return trip in the evening, Palatka was reached the next day, and on the 14th the party left for Tocoi, the terminal point of the miniature St. Johns Railroad leading to St. Augustine.

A week later, General GRANT sailed from Cedar Keys, reaching Key West the following evening. Here a grand reception was given. After a welcome by Mayor BETHEL on board the steamer, the party were escorted to carriages, and the procession was started. The streets were crowded with people of all colors and nationalities. It was now quite dark, but preparation had been made for a parade, and a parade there was. The correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, describing the ceremonies, says: "The streets were filled, and the houses trimmed with long plume-like branches of the cocoa-palm, while in front of every house burned Chinese lanterns or torches. The procession was formed with the carriages in front, sup-



SKETCHES ON THE ICE.



THE VISIT TO ORANGE PARK—DISPLAY OF FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

ported on each side by double files of men bearing torches, with a band in the centre of the line. Then came, at the end of the procession of vehicles, another band, the firemen, the lodges of the United Order of Odd Fellows and Good Templars, and other civic societies. On all sides of the procession swarmed whites, negroes, Cubans, and Chinese mingled in one enthusiastic and curious throng.

"In front of the Russell House there was an arch of evergreens across the street, hung with lanterns, and bearing the motto 'Welcome.' Before the Cuban head-quarters stood another arch. Here the procession stopped, while a charming little girl presented a bouquet to General Grant, and the air blazed with rockets fired from the balcony that was hung with the Stars and Stripes and the colors of Cuba Libre. The parade took in the principal parts of the city, and finally halted in a park, in the centre of which a sort of Fourth-of-July stand had been erected. The General was escorted to this place, and then the addresses began. The Mayor had delivered his speech on board the *Admiral*. It consisted simply of congratulations to General Grant upon the completion of his journey around the world, and of welcome to the city.

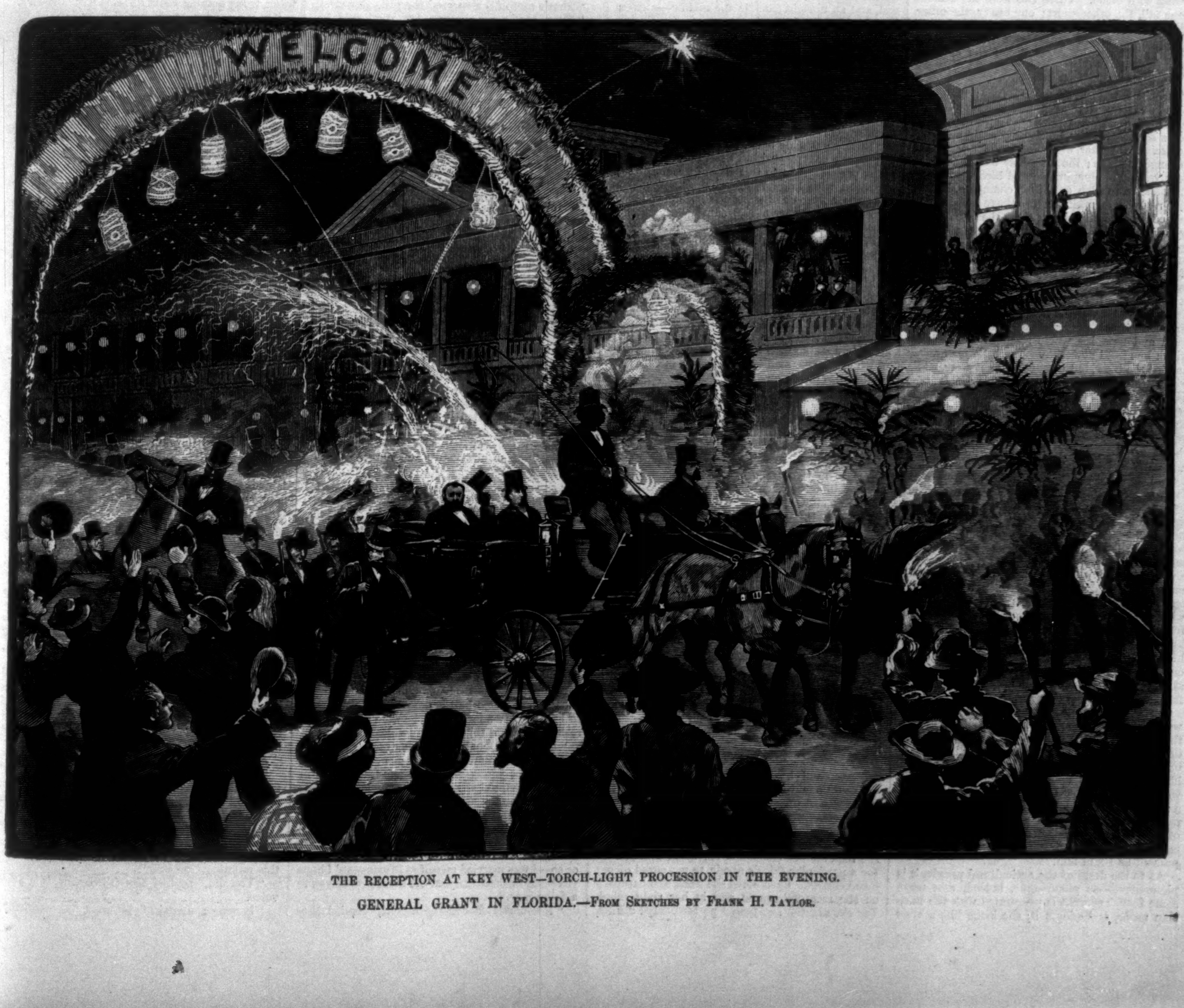
"The first of the addresses at the place of halting came from the colored people of Key West, and was delivered by William M. Astrell, who spoke with real feeling of General Grant's services to the country, and particularly to the colored race.

"General Grant, in reply, said: 'I heartily thank the colored citizens of Key West for their cordial welcome. I trust that they will ever appreciate the new rights bestowed upon them, and attend well to the duties entailed upon them to society and their country by these privileges. In this way you will disarm any unfriendly critics, and live to enjoy the greatness and beneficence of our country and participate in its progress.'

"Señor C. M. Cespedes, son of the ex-President of the Cuban Liberals, made an address in behalf of the refugees, about four thousand of whom live in the city. He said that the Cubans welcomed their distinguished visitor to their new island home. Although they were refugees, separated almost entirely from the rest of the world, it gave them great pleasure to assist in welcoming the greatest American to their midst, and were proud of his presence. The name of Grant was synonymous with that of liberty and peace all over the world, and the congratulations for his success and wishes for his future happiness could nowhere be more hearty than among the Cubans of Key West.

"General Grant said in reply that the Cubans, or any other refugees in this country, would always find a free home with us. He trusted they would prosper in their adopted country, and never desire to leave it."

After the speech-making, the General proceeded to the Russell House, where an hour was spent in hand-shaking, after which the party and a large number of citizens were seated at a banquet that would have done credit to a metropolitan city. General Grant sat at one end of a table and General Sheridan at the other, while each was supported right and left by officers of the *Kearsarge* and *Florida*, and of the Fifth United States Artillery. Colonel Grant sat near the head of the table, attended by two of the officers of the army. At midnight the banqueters rose and repaired to the *Admiral*, where the ladies, who had not left the steamer, were being entertained by Colonel Wicker, Collector of the Port, and other citizens, who had gathered there in considerable numbers after the formalities of the parade were over. At 1 o'clock on the morning of the 22d the *Admiral* weighed anchor and was off for Cuba. At 10 o'clock the same morning Morro Castle was sighted with its gray bastions, towers, and light-house that overlook the narrow entrance to the harbor of Havana.



THE RECEPTION AT KEY WEST—TORCH-LIGHT PROCESSION IN THE EVENING.

GENERAL GRANT IN FLORIDA.—From Sketches by Frank H. Taylor.

LIFE IN BRITTANY.

The great attraction of Brittany is "the peasantry," and no wonder, for they are quite *sui generis*, quite different from all other populations. They combine the sombre, taciturn nature of the Spaniard with the droll, wild life of the Irish. It is difficult to understand how the same people can be silent and noisy—reserved and running over with jollity. Yet so it is. There must be a strain of tiger in a population which could amuse itself as lately as 1847 in cutting the life out of friends with a whip made after this fashion: Lash, eighteen feet long, swelling at a little distance from the handle to the thickness of a man's arm, from whence it tapered to a twisted and strongly knotted end, made more like a knife by the help of a mixture of glue. This plaything was fixed upon a strong, stiff stick, and often not only cut a man into steaks, but sometimes cut out the life of him at a single stroke. Yet a local historian gives an account of a fête which he attended in 1847, at which the chief attraction was a contest between twelve men, six on a side, with these deadly weapons. The smack of these whips made, he says, much more noise than a gunshot; they could be heard at the distance of two and a half miles, and when several smack their whips in concert, the noise is so terrible that one must either run away or stop up one's ears. These twelve men were ranged opposite one another at a distance almost corresponding to the length of the lashes of their whips. They stood up, having for protection in the shape of dress only short felt breeches, and shirts made of stout sail-cloth. Like all Breton peasants of the old style, their hair hung down their backs in long tresses, but was cut straight across the forehead, after the fashion of Gainsborough's "Blue Boy." They wore no hats or head-covering. The left arm was naked, but the right arm, which held the whip, was protected from the fist to the neck by an armlet or shield of thick leather. The sides were distinguished by the color of the tuft of their whips, the one being white, the other red.

These men thus standing face to face were there to be wounded almost to death for the glory thereof, and also for the prize, which consisted of half a dozen striped pocket-handkerchiefs and a pound of tobacco. The signal given by an old peasant, the combatants put themselves into the attitude of defiance, the whip raised, while the lash was held in the left hand. "Strike," said the same voice, and the twelve cables were let loose in an instant, but no smack was heard, as they met, twisted, and struggled in mid-air.

Those most renowned quickly disengaged their lashes, and dealt the second and dreadful blow upon the persons of their antagonists, opening up long seams of livid or bleeding flesh; on the third stroke, all the faces except two were seamed and flowing with blood. These two were the leaders—one tall, the other short; one heavy, the other light; one all flesh, the other, although only five feet high, all nerves and sinews. An outsider would have backed the giant, but the boys of Pipriac knew too well the prowess of the dwarf to risk their money against him.

The combat now raged with fury; men disdained to parry, they were only eager to strike. The sound was that of a volley of musketry. The lashes soften into tow, but harden again and glue themselves together with blood. The faces are no longer human; the long hair hangs down in front, bathed in perspiration and blood. But not one blow has fallen on either champion. They have reserved themselves; they have guarded and parried, knowing that upon them the issue of the fight did depend. But now the tall man has hit home. A long blue spiral mark, which here and there squirts blood, twists round the left arm of the little Joseph, and makes him stagger with pain. He recovers himself, launches his whip at his foe, and but six inches intervened between its deadly point and the face of Joseph the great. Animated by his first success, Kaer stepped forward and bent his whole strength to the blow which he aimed at Josille. The little man never parried the blow, but pirouetted, as it were, while without any effort he threw out his lash softly. The blow of Kaer missed; but when Josille sharply drew back his lash, the whole face of Kaer was cut in half—a gigantic gap opened up the very bones. These two stood alone in the lists; the rest had made a truce, and were engaged in attending to their grievous wounds. Kaer, blinded by the shock, put his armlet of leather before his face, and paused. Josille, so far from profiting by the occasion, and pressing his advantage, coolly took out his pocket-handkerchief and loudly blew his nose, to the great amusement of his backers, who thought it an excellent joke. The laughter made Kaer mad, threw him out of his *sang-froid*, and made him wild. He struck, stamped, and made wonderful points; but Josille was calm; and at the end of ten minutes the giant, covered with wounds, his shirt cut into ribbons, his mouth foaming, his eyes blinded, fell heavily upon his knees. "Don't give in!" cried some voices still; but the effort to rise was vain. Josille, apparently incapable of pity, like a true Breton peasant, again blew his nose, and prepared to give the falling man his *coup de grâce*.

A shiver ran through the crowd; but Josille was better than he seemed, for instead of cutting the poor flesh, he dexterously drew the whip out of the hands of the victim, and folded his arms upon his breast. Kaer shut his eyes, and laid his burning head upon the sand. The whites were proclaimed the victors. Each subaltern had a pocket-handkerchief worth sixpence, and Josille the pound of tobacco. I know not whether any of these scenes are enacted now, but this account is so recent that it throws light upon the Breton peasant as I find him.

As to the dress of the agricultural people, it is picturesque—so picturesque, indeed, that when some foolish servant is penetrated with the Parisian mode, and adopts it, she looks like a crow among birds of plumage. Yet I am sorry to say that the dress is changing. The old men wear sabots, gaiters, large, loose, baggy breeches fastened under the knee, with jacket and vest; the hair is long like that of a woman, and a broad, flat felt hat completes the costume. The young men have taken to trousers, but still retain the vest embroidered round the neck, and the loose, flowing jacket, mostly made of cloth of a dark blue color, and embroidered behind with a representation of the Holy Sacrament; this back embroidery is dying out, as also the custom of wearing flowing locks. The women wear short skirts, made of very thick material, pleated round the waist, more like a Scotch kilt than anything else; over the skirt they wear an embroidered cloth jacket, or vest with sleeves, and over that another without sleeves, cut square and low in front to display their white, nicely starched chemisette; to the chemisette is attached an enormous collar which reaches beyond the shoulders, and is a marvel of the arts of starching and ironing. This, with the great coif of the country, differing in each commune, completes the costume. Of course there are varieties of head-dress, some loose and flowing, others close-fitting, some in colors, some embroidered, and this gives to any assemblage a very varied and pleasing appearance; but the description of these matters is beyond the reach of my pen.

The home of the Breton peasant is quite peculiar, and differs from anything I have seen elsewhere. An old stable, a cow-shed, any old outhouse, does as well as any other building for his purposes, and is always used when it may be had; but whether the house be built of stone, or wood, or mud, its exterior is almost always the same. It has a central door, and two little windows about eighteen inches square; within, the floor is of mud—literally mud; for as Brittany is a very wet place, the mud floors are almost always damp, and often contain miniature lakes or pools of water.

I recollect one day, when out fishing, calling in at one of these shanties where they kept an *auberge*, and finding it difficult to place my feet on dry land. Being inclined for a chat, I asked mine host how he, who, from the valuable furniture he possessed, I took to be a man decently well off, could bear to live in such a pig-sty. He replied that he always wore sabots, which could not be wet through, and as to sleeping in such a place, what did it matter to him; when once safely shut up in his *lit clos* (or wonderful Breton cupboard arranged as a bed), he did not care if the sea were to come in to the floor. The poorest shanties have their bedstead and *armoire*, mostly of fine-grained wood, and beautifully carved. This particular *auberge* had its whole side filled up with the family sleeping arrangements, all constructed in one single piece of furniture. A sort of tall, beautifully carved cupboard extended the whole length of the wall, which contained a bed at either end, and an upright clock in the middle—a clock like the kitchen clock of our ancestors. During the daytime the bedding is invisible, as also, I suppose, during the night, for it is reached through two little sliding doors, having little dwarf pillars for the admission of air. The doors are only opened to admit or give egress to the tenants. Day and night they are kept shut, so that you may go into such a room (as I have done) at midnight without seeing man, woman, or child, until the little doors slide back, and a whole family of heads peep out from within what may be called a night parlor. Add to this *lit clos* an *armoire* (a cupboard with large folding-doors), a few pots and pans, a form or two, and a table, and you have a complete inventory of a Breton house, whether it be occupied by a farmer or a laborer. A year ago I went to see a château which was to be let. It belonged to a rich peasant farmer who, when he bought the estate, moved straight into the stable, and I saw him there with cows, horses, pigs, and servants, only divided from his dwelling-room by a slight wooden partition. I put the servants with the cattle, because it was literally so arranged; one man slept in a little box bedstead in a stable with ten cows—an arrangement which my farmer said was necessary, in case they broke loose in the night.

As the Breton peasant lives in a sort of a primitive way amidst the cattle, so he thinks and acts in a primitive way also. His ideas are few, and those few descend to him from his ancestors. I suppose that, with the exception of the crying abuses arising from priestly power, supported by the state in the Middle Ages, and priestly misconduct in accordance with the very rude life of those ages, the religion of Brittany remains much as it was in the days of St. Louis.

Farmer Jean has just returned from a pilgrimage of three weeks to Lourdes, which numbered 1500 Bretons, nearly all of the peasantry. He must have spent a good deal of money, what with the railway and the hotels. It seems odd to speak of railways and hotels in connection with pilgrimages, and in very fact it is odd, for one naturally expects that the enlargement of view, the new ideas arising from the first, and the luxury suggested by the last, would be the most effectual agents in arresting mediæval customs; and so they will be in time, but for the moment they are caught at and made to serve the turn of those who live and thrive on this strange and antique superstition. Many a temporary expedient to revive a dying dream does but make more sure the final awakening.

My *bonne*, Françoise, has also been on her pilgrimage, and has experienced a real miracle, worked upon herself, to which I can give the whole weight of my disinterested testimony.

Françoise was quite noted as a drinker—she had almost fallen into the ruck of life, and was considered irredeemable, when all of a sudden she took off her shoes and stockings and started for a particular saint's abode, to get cured of her drunkenness. Barefooted she went, and barefooted she returned, cured and in her right mind. For six months she tasted no fermented drinks, but solaced herself with vinegar and water. At the end of six months she went again barefooted to return thanks to the *bon Dieu* for her miracle. She lives now in our house, and is as sober as a judge (ought to be), and as lively as a cricket. This miracle I can attest, and *if it lasts* it will indeed be a miracle, and a proof of the power of means to an end, even although the means should only prove to be the action of the mind upon itself. What man can not do alone, he can do with the help of a little well-acted fiction, with the *dramatis personæ* and final tableau all duly arranged in the mind beforehand. Françoise thinks that she has her familiar devil, who thwarts her at all points, and strives to make her swear. Yesterday she attempted to light a candle with a burning stick, and several times failed. She accused her devil with his villainy, but at last she lighted the candle, and exclaimed, "Ah, I have conquered, and you did not make me swear"; but as she placed the candle on the table it went out, and she mournfully remarked, "No, he has conquered after all." All these ideas are common to our Breton folk.

These people do not look dirty. Their dress is always decent, and on fête-days it is beautiful as well as costly. Yet I believe that a Breton peasant never washes once in his life. I never saw any washing apparatus in any of their rooms, nor did I ever see one of them washing in a tub, or at a stream, or at a well. None can have better opportunities of observation than I have. Opposite my window is the well, the one water-supply of a settlement; to it all must come for water, yet I never saw one wash anything but clothes at or about it. Really and truly they are and must be as dirty as the pigs that live and sleep at their bedsides. In all my dealings with them I give them a wide berth, especially the children, and experience fully justifies my caution.

MISS BRIDGET O'DONOHUE.

The postman rapped sharply on Mrs. O'Donohue's door (this door belonged to the back room on the third floor of a tall, narrow, dingy house in a long, narrow, dark street containing many other tall, narrow, dingy houses) on St. Valentine's morning. His satchel and his left hand were filled with letters and valentines, and in his right hand he carried a pretty blue-and-gold paper box—a little battered, as paper boxes are apt to be when they come by mail—tied with a blue satin ribbon, and smelling like roses.

A young girl wearing a soiled calico dress and shoes down at heel, but with her rough curly hair piled in huge puffs on the top of her head, and a pair of cheap, tawdry ear-rings in her ears, holding a torn and crumpled novel in her hand, opened the door.

"Miss Bridget O'Donohue?" asked the postman.

"That's meself," answered the girl.

"Then here's a valentine for you," said he, handing her the box; and turning quickly, he was down the stairs and out of the house in a twinkling.

Mrs. O'Donohue was washing, and the windows of the room were dim with steam. Bridget went to one of them, wiped a couple of panes dry with the skirt of her dress, and opened the box. A howl of delight burst from her lips.

"An' what in the worruld is it, Biddy dear?" cried her mother, rushing from the wash-tub, her arms covered with soap-suds to the elbows.

"Kape away! Don't come near it wid the soap-suds!" screamed her daughter. "It's one of thim Kitty Crowley was a-tellin' about last night—a valentine. An', och! ain't it lovely? Niver sor I the likes before."

Mrs. O'Donohue put her arms behind her and looked over her daughter's shoulder. "Bless us an' save us!" she exclaimed; "it makes me think of the fairies. Shure it looks like some of their worruk; it do entirely."

"Niver in all me life sor I the like before," repeated Bridget, and I don't believe she ever did. It was a beautiful valentine. A sheet of creamy, satiny paper, on which were delicately painted the loveliest white roses and snow-drops and blushing moss-rose buds, and in the centre of which was fastened a pretty gold ring, and beneath the ring this verse was written in a plain and handsome hand:

> "I offer roses pure and white—
>   Emblems of girlhood's happy days—
> And sweet moss-buds by Cupid plucked
>   To deck Love's ways;
> And snow-drops—Hope's own dainty flowers—
>   That whisper you may yet be mine,
> Dear girl with sunny hair and smile—
>   My Valentine!"

These lines Miss O'Donohue spelled out slowly, mispronouncing many of the words, and making sad nonsense of what was rather nonsensical already; but her mother listened with as much delight as though the reading were perfect—as, no doubt, she thought it was—exclaiming, as her daughter finished, "That bates Tom Moore intirely! But, Biddy darlint, you haven't 'sunny' hair; your hair is like the night."

"They mostly puts that kind of hair in songs," said her daughter; "an' I wish you wouldn't call me Biddy again. Bridget's bad enough, so it is, an' I'll change me hull name whin I git married, so I will. I wonder who in the wide worruld represinted me wid this beautiful valentine?"

"Bridget O'Donohue," said her mother, solemnly, at the same time looking at her with admiring eyes, "some young gintleman has fallen dead in love wid you, an' you only three months in this blissid country. An' I don't be surprised at it, for since you put thim puffs on the top of your skull, an' I bought you thim iligant ear-rings, you look like a princess. An' sorra a doubt I have but that he'll be wantin' to marry you in a year or so—I was married meself at fifteen—an' I hope you'll not be desartin' your old mother whin you're a foine lady."

"I wouldn't so demane meself," replied Miss Bridget, with a toss of her head, "if you bees only a washer-woman. I'll buy you a silk dress, an' a hat wid an oarstrich feather, an' a goold watch to wear whin you comes to see me. But you mustn't be comin' too often. He mightn't like it."

"Shure I'll niver interfare between you an' him, me brave gurril," said her mother. "Mothers-in-law do be doin' that too much, they do; but I'll kape me place, niver fare. An' now, Biddy—I mane Bridget—darlint, your frinds must see this valentine, goold ring an' all, an' larn the prospects that has arose before you. But it won't do for you to be runnin' about from house till house wid it as though you'd niver had the like before at all at all."

"Shure I niver had," said Bridget.

"Whist! no nade tellin' that same," said her mother. "For all they know, you had hundreds in the old country. Put on your Ulster an' your new hat, an' go an' ax your frinds here to a tay party. For a tay party I intend to have at four o'clock this very afternoon, an' while you're away, I'll put aside the washin' an' red up the place. An' you'll have to go widout the lace hankerchy I promised you till next month, for the money I've saved must go for the atin' an' drinkin'."

So in a short time Miss O'Donohue, in a Pinafore hat set jauntily on the back of her head, and a gray Ulster coming down to her feet (thereby concealing the very much soiled calico dress) was knocking at various doors in the house in which she lived, the house next door, the house across the way, and a house around the corner, delivering verbal invitations to her friends to a tea party to take place at her residence that afternoon, all of which invitations, albeit Miss O'Donohue was no great favorite, on account of her silly airs, were accepted, with loud expressions of pleasure.

"It's me birthday party," she explained to the invited guests.

"But, Bridget, I thought your birthday was last December, just after you come over," said Kitty Crowley.

"It was," said Bridget; "but me party was postponed for raisons."

And at four o'clock precisely a dozen or more young girls, with several of their mothers, grandmothers, and aunts, gathered around Mrs. O'Donohue's hospitable table, and devoured biscuits, cold ham, pickles, pea-nuts, and cake, and drank vast quantities of lemonade and tea, with much gossiping and giggling. Mrs. O'Donohue thought they never would stop handing her their plates and tumblers and cups; but at last, to her great satisfaction, they did, and the opportunity for which she had been impatiently waiting arrived. And pushing the tea table back against the wall, she called out, as though the idea had just occurred to her, "Bridget dear, perhaps your frinds would like to see your valentine."

"An' did you git a valentine? Oh, you sly thing, to say nothing about it!" said Kitty Crowley.

"Is it a comical one?" asked Mary Lee.

"Bring it out this minnit!" commanded Annie Pheeny.

And as Miss O'Donohue pretended to blush and hesitate, all the girls shouted in chorus, "The valentine! the valentine!"

And at last, with an air of great pride and importance, the valentine was produced. Its extreme beauty and costliness for a moment struck the group of girls dumb with astonishment. And then there was another chorus of "Splendid!" "Beautiful!" "Iligant!" "Must have cost tin dollars at the very laste!" "Who sint it to you, Bridget?"

"I ain't sure," said Bridget, with a simper and her favorite toss of the head, "but I mostly thinks I know. A young gintleman wid beautiful black eyes and a big dimant pin, that lives in a iligant house near the baker's. He sits in the windy an' smiles at me ivery day whin I goes for bread."

"An' you'll be marryin' him some fine day, an' forgittin' all your old comrades," said Kitty Crowley.

"I'll not be *forgittin'* thim," said Bridget, with emphasis.

"But you'll be forsakin' thim?" suggested Annie Pheeny.

"Shure an' I suppose he'd make me," replied Miss O'Donohue. "I'd have to 'sociate wid me own class thin. But I'd spake to ye all whin I met ye," she added, in a patronizing manner.

"Indade an' I'm obliged to you for your great condescension," said Annie.

"An' so are all the rest of the gurrils, I'm sure," joined in Mrs. Crowley, Kate's mother. "You allus thought yourself above them, Bridget dear, but, faith! I niver could see the differ."

"Me child's shuparior style an' beauty is the differ," announced Mrs. O'Donohue; "an' so I tell you, Mrs. Crowley, ma'am."

"I don't take in washin' to give shuparior style to me Kate," retorted Mrs. Crowley.

"An' no dacent girl would want 'style' whin her mother had to find it for her in the wash-tubs," declared Kate. "But I suppose the wash-tubs will be burned whin Biddy"—purposely using the obnoxious name—"gits the young gintleman, an' lives in the iligant house near the baker's."

"Indade an' they will, Kitty Crowley," said Bridget, her voice trembling and her ear-rings jingling, "an' iverything else belongin' to this low place; an' as for the low, common, jealous folks I've been forced to know here, I'll wash me hands of thim for iver and iver."

Just then there came a loud knock at the door.

"Maybe it's black eyes an' dimant pin comin' to see his bride," said Mary Lee. "If it is, you needn't introduce us, Biddy dear. We won't be offended."

But no young gentleman met Mrs. O'Donohue's gaze as she threw open the door. The postman confronted her. "I left a valentine in a box here this morning," he said.

"You did," replied Mrs. O'Donohue, in a faint voice.

"It was a mistake," he went on, hurriedly;

"and I've nearly lost my situation on account of it—the young fellow that sent it raised such a row in the office. It's for Miss Bridget O'Donovan, who lives at the same number in the next street. Being used to bringing letters here, and the names being so much alike, I mixed things a little."

And, sure enough, there was the direction on the cover of the box as plain as could be, though Bridget and her mother (the latter for a very good reason, however) had neither of them noticed it.

Mrs. O'Donohue handed the valentine over in perfect silence. But as soon as the postman departed, such a Babel as there was!

"Shure, Biddy, 'twill be too bad if he don't let you 'sociate wid us." "Don't burn the wash-tubs yet awhile, me dear." "I thought that ring a little too genteel for anny of me lady's fingers." "Smile at us from the windy of the big house whin we go to the baker's annyhow, that's a darlint."

"I'll be thankful to yez all if ye'll lave me house this instant, an' niver inter it again," said Mrs. O'Donohue, in a quiet rage.

"We're goin', ma'am—yes, ma'am," said Mrs. Crowley. "Thanks for your intertainment, ma'am. It's plisint to come where there's so much style an' beauty, ma'am, an' where the young lady is goin' to be married to a rich young gintleman, an' wash her hands of all her comrades for iver an' iver, ma'am. Sind for us whin ye have another valentine to show us, ma'am. Good-avenin', ma'am. Good-avenin', Miss Bridget O'Donohue."

SUNDAY MORNING IN A GREEK CHURCH.

Sunday morning was warm and full of sunshine, and when we looked out of our window, shortly after daylight, we saw the streets of Moscow crowded with a gayly dressed throng clearly bent on church. Innumerable bells were ringing from the domes of church and monastery—sweet-toned, silvery bells. The Russian Church is famous for its bells; none in the world are greater in size, and none purer in tone.

Joining the crowd, and following in their footsteps, the writer soon found himself in the Cathedral of the Assumption. The church was full. All classes were there. Rough-bearded drosky-drivers, meek-looking tea-sellers, gentlemen of high rank, corpulent merchants, people in rags, people in broadcloth, people in sheep-skins, officers, soldiers, peasants, water-carriers, neatly dressed ladies, women in rough homespun—all on the same level, for the Greek Church knows no distinctions. There was no pew for the man with the gold ring; indeed, there was no pew at all; beggar and noble stood there side by side, looking toward the altar, bowing lowly and crossing themselves mightily. There was a fine smell of incense—much needed, I should say, in the inodorous, packed crowd, and a blaze of lights, and many pictures covered with jewels that sparkled brightly in the semi-darkness. The Russian Church makes as to the latter a fine distinction: she allows no images into her temples, but places no restriction on pictures. Sacred pictures, or *icons*, are everywhere. They are in the corner of every room; no pious Russian travels without one among his belongings. The making of them is a great trade; and in a restaurant, the waiter, as he glides along with his pile of dishes, always stops before the icon to cross himself. Many famous and even wonder-working pictures are in this church. Every pillar is covered with them, and the fine spacious domes are magnificently frescoed. Here also is the celebrated Virgin of Vladimir, painted, so says the Church, by Luke the Evangelist. This must be worth seeing, so we edge ourselves into its neighborhood, and in the process I am afraid nudge some devout persons. We saw a figure with a black face, literally covered with precious stones, rubies, emeralds, pearls, diamonds. The whole of these precious stones are valued at 200,000 rubles.

What a haul for an unorthodox thief! Great, truly, are the riches of this church. Here is a tabernacle representing Moses receiving the Tables of the Law; it contains nineteen pounds weight of gold and twenty of silver. One silver lustre alone weighs about eight hundred pounds!

But let us leave these vanities and look about us. Here round the church are the tombs of the Patriarchs of Moscow. There, where the woman with the shawl over her head is devoutly praying, is the resting-place of the Patriarch Jonas, a good man, and to be held in reverence. Napoleon ordered his coffin to be opened, to see whether the body of the saint was really uncorrupted, but the old Patriarch shook his forefinger at him, and the warrior retreated in dismay! And here in this chapel is the sarcophagus of the great Philip, the Metropolitan, murdered by Ivan the Terrible; you can see his skull through a glass window in his coffin, but his body, like that of Jonas, is as fresh as the day it was buried—so say the faithful. There is a good deal of strain put on faith in this, as in some other countries.

What sweet singing this is that comes from a divided choir of men, who stand on each side of the altar-screen and alternately chant the responses! Wonderful are some of the voices of these monastic-looking young persons in black cassocks, and with long tangled locks that seem sadly in need of a barber. There is no organ allowed in the Greek Church. The great Emperor Nicholas sought to introduce one into this very cathedral, but the Metropolitan, the devout and blessed Philaret, resisted the innovation with all the energy shown by some Scotch divines. The mighty Czar had to submit. The Scotch divines have had to give in gracefully, but no "kist of whistles" has found its way into the Russian temples. Let us, therefore, give all due respect to the bold Philaret.

A Greek church, as our readers probably know, is divided into two parts, or rather a screen called the iconostasis cuts off a portion of it at the eastern end. In this screen are three doors. Behind one is the sacristy, or robing chamber. Behind another the credence table, where the sacramental elements are prepared. Behind the centre door stands the high altar. This screen is generally profusely decorated, and behind it a great part of the service is performed, the priest being out of sight of the people.

There are times in the service when the centre or golden door opens, and the priest comes forth from the Holy of Holies, as this hidden portion of the church is called. He comes out to read the gospel, and to give the sacrament to the people. The service is conducted, not in Russian, but in the old Sclavonic. The people do not understand it, but have a general idea what the different parts signify, and so follow as best they can.

There are no pulpits in the Greek church, and consequently no sleepers; no worshipper seems to be under the impression that he is in a public dormitory. All the congregation appeared very devout. Whether they were so in reality it is not for me to say. Just look at this poor old broken-down mujik, with his long hair and matted beard, and ragged clothes girt about by a greasy red girdle. I try to count how often within a certain space of time he cries "Gospodi, pomlimsa! Gospodi, pomlui!" "Lord, we pray thee! Lord, have mercy on us!" but have to give up the attempt. Poor old mujik! it is a prayer that very much resembles one said in the Temple at Jerusalem long ago, and which was commended by One whom you and I both, I trust, love and revere in our own way. I don't know much about your worship, and I dare say if you were in my church you would make but very little of mine; but I can at least join in this prayer of yours. "Gospodi, pomlui!" sings forth the choir, and "Gospodi, pomlui!" croaks the old mujik, and "Gospodi, pomlui!" say two sturdy Protestants from Scotland who happened to be by at the time, and who have not yet become ashamed of their conduct.

The whole service had a certain wild barbaric air about it. The priest's vestments were resplendent beyond description. No Anglican ritualist could ever hope to rival him as he stood there at the golden gate with his deacon, also richly clad, beside him, wearing his stocharion, and his epinanikia, epitrachelion, and phaelonion, each of which pieces of vestment symbolizes some great mystery. In one hand he carried a large jewelled copy of the Gospels, and raised the other to bless the congregation. He was a fine, benevolent-looking, white-bearded old man.

In Russia the Church allows the circulation of the Bible, and this may yet have results of a beneficial character; indeed, I have been told that in many peasants' houses the Bible is regularly read with the approbation of the clergy. No Church has a greater hold outwardly of its people than the Russian. Its blessing is asked on every circumstance of life. If a man builds a house, changes his dwelling, launches a ship, starts on a journey, opens a shop, or does anything of a special character, the priest has to be sent for to read a particular service, and receive a particular fee.

A DESERTED LAND.

East Greenland, perhaps one of the most desolate regions of the earth, was a few years ago visited by Dr. Pansch, of the German arctic expedition, who took copious notes of the country, which it seems was formerly inhabited. As the doctor describes the land as being, for an arctic region, tolerably fertile, it is difficult to see why it should have been abandoned. However that may be, he met no human being on the whole stretch of coast over which he travelled.

Real "winter huts," that is, the stationary winter dwellings of the natives, were found nearly always situated not far from the shore of the south side of those capes which point toward the south-east, and built in groups of two, three, or four. Half worked into the ground, the walls were built of suitable and, in the inside, exceedingly smooth stones, pretty regularly set, and as far as they rise above-ground strengthened outside by mounds of earth and stones laid against them. The surface of the walls is only interrupted inside by a few small niches, which are generally found in the corners, especially in the front ones. The floor is partially paved with flat stones, particularly in the corners, which probably served as fire-places.

The average length of the interior of these huts is eleven feet, and their breadth nine feet. The height of the walls is three and a half feet. At the front end, toward the water, there is an opening in the floor, of one and a half feet square; it descends to a like depth, and is the commencement of a passage or tunnel which extends, in a nearly horizontal direction, under the front wall to a length of from six to twelve feet. It is constructed of stone, and terminates in a rather wide opening, being itself of barely sufficient size to admit a man in a creeping position. This is the only opening to the hut, for there is no sort of window. The roof is constructed of two or three wooden poles or laths placed lengthwise over the walls, on which flat stones are laid diagonally, and sometimes supported by more laths, the whole covered and made tight with smaller stones, sods of grass, and other things. Of their summer dwellings, also, traces were everywhere found, viz., the so-called "tent rings," that is, stones left there after being used in fastening the border of the tent. They are arranged in circles of from ten to twelve feet in diameter, with an opening toward the water, and generally divided into a front and back half by a diametrical row of stones. They were met with on nearly all parts of the coast, both close to the winter huts and also at a great distance from them.

The graves must also be mentioned. They are not dug in the ground, at least very seldom, but consist of a superstructure of stones over the corpse, which is placed in either a recumbent or a crouching position. In the first case, the covering consists of flat long stones or short ones, which are supported by sods placed underneath; in the other case, the roof is arched all round. Any accidental gaps are carefully filled up with stones of all sizes, down to the very smallest. In this manner the body can be protected against foxes, but certainly not against hungry bears. The form of the graves seems to have no particular meaning, but to have been regulated by the form of the stones available, as flat stones are necessary for the covering of oblong graves. In the interior was generally found quite a heap of earth and willow leaves (blown in), from among which the bones were only partially, or sometimes not at all, visible.

The graves were numerous and scattered, often at a great distance from the dwellings. Weapons and utensils were very seldom found in the graves, although, as they were made of ivory, they would have been kept in good preservation. On the other hand, there was discovered, in what was probably a child's grave, a human figure roughly carved out of wood; and in other graves among rocks were found the pieces of a finely carved wooden box, a pretty goblet, a cajak rudder, and dagger hilts, handles, etc., manufactured of wood; also two figures of animals roughly carved. A dog sledge lay on the shore, nearly complete in all its parts. It consisted of two runners, very roughly made, about seven feet long, across which several boards were fastened with thongs, and at the end two sloping pieces fastened as a back. In place of our iron tires, the runners were covered underneath with strips of bone, ivory, or whalebone, fastened with wooden pegs.

As to iron instruments, only one was discovered. It was a piece of iron an inch long, fastened into a wooden handle. The doctor saw nothing made of flint, but several splinters of it, and one whole unbroken stone in the huts. Some fine spear points and knives were made of slate, parts of vessels constructed of a softer crystalline slate; most of the articles, however, were made of bone or tusk. In default of saws, these were divided into the desired shapes by boring holes close to one another in the intended planes of division, so that at last the parting might be effected by the appliance of some force. A smooth surface was then obtained by scraping, grinding, and polishing.

From the best authorities it would seem that this region was deserted some thirty or forty years ago, but there is no clear evidence on the subject.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The great art excitement of the present year in Europe will doubtless be the sale of the contents of Prince Demidoff's palace at San Donato, in the suburbs of Florence. Great preparations are being made for this sale, at which it is expected the most wealthy art collectors of Europe will be present, as well as not a few Americans. For about half a century San Donato has been one of the chief show palaces of Europe, and this circumstance, together with the fact that the sale has been extensively advertised by means of engravings of the principal objects and letter-press descriptions in *L'Art*, has aroused very general interest. The illustrated catalogue, sold by subscription, will form in itself a special art work of interest to connoisseurs and collectors. The sale, which is to commence early in March, is to include everything movable in the palace and upon the grounds—objects which, altogether, are valued at 4,000,000 francs. There are rare sculptures, some of which cost from $30,000 to $40,000 apiece; porcelains, bronzes, jewelry, tapestries, embroideries, every kind of bric-à-brac, ornaments of gold, silver, and precious stones, furniture, books, rare plants, carriages; in short, the long-time gatherings of a man of caprices and of vast income, who bought as a diversion for the passing moment. It is the intention of Prince Demidoff to entirely abandon San Donato, and to build a magnificent château on his hunting estate of Pratolino, near Florence. It is said that the design for the Château of Pratolino is to be open to the competition of architects of every country, there being but one restriction—that it must be in the style of Henri II. of France.

Not long ago our Navy Department at Washington received a communication from Commodore Shufeldt, dated on board his flag-ship the *Ticonderoga*, Bussorah, Asiatic Turkey. It gave information of the arrival of the *Ticonderoga* at Bussorah (which is seventy miles up the Euphrates River, from its mouth at the Persian Gulf), and of the national and military salutes with which it was received. The *Ticonderoga* is probably the first American man-of-war that has navigated the Persian Gulf, and, with but few exceptions, the first American ship.

France is contemplating internal improvements on a large scale; and it is an indication of her prosperous condition that she can entertain the idea of such elaborate and expensive schemes. The gigantic plan for the extension and union of railways and canals throughout the country, whereby something like 16,000 miles will be added to railways, and 900 to rivers and canals, will probably cost nine milliards of francs, or £360,000,000 sterling. It is estimated that it will require twelve years to complete the execution of this scheme.

An appeal comes from Persia for the starving thousands in that land. A lady who for more than twenty years has been a missionary in Persia has written to friends in this country a vivid account of the terrible suffering of which she is a daily witness.

When the severe snow-storm came on February 3, people felt a special interest in referring to the weather prognostications of Professor Vennor, of Canada, which were made public in an Albany newspaper some time ago. The prophecy was written at Montreal, January 22, 1880. From it we quote briefly: "One of the heaviest snow-falls of the winter is likely to come upon us on the 2d or 3d of February, and occasion deep drifts and railroad blockades. Following this immediately a cold snap will set in of considerable severity, lasting some four or more days. Next will come a period of mildness, even warmth, with rain and slush, up to about the 15th or 16th. The 16th will give up the second heavy snow-fall of the month, with drifts again, and another railroad blockade. Between the 20th and 25th the second cold term will probably set in, and this bids fair to be very severe, and occasion some very low thermometer readings. Thus, with the exception of the one considerable thaw in this month, February will be an exceedingly wintry month. The 17th and 21st of March will again give heavy snow-falls, and it is probable that in this month we will have more snow than at any time previous during the winter of 1880."

Erasmus Darwin, the grandfather of the famous author of the Darwinian theory, was a physician of note in the last century, and among the country folk had the reputation of being a sort of magician. As a convenience to himself, he had—what was rare in those days—a speaking-tube leading from his study, and opening back of the kitchen fire-place. A countryman had brought a letter, and sat waiting for an answer by this fire, which had become very low, when suddenly he heard a sepulchral voice saying, as if from the depths of the expiring fire, "I want some coals." The man instantly fled from the house in mortal terror.

A German newspaper mentions that certain druggists of Leipsic offer for sale colored inks for writing labels on glass, porcelain, ivory, marble, and metal. The writing is done with a goose-quill, and when dry adheres so closely that it can not be removed by any liquid. Black, white, red, and blue inks of this kind are made.

The hansom cab—one of the most convenient of all public vehicles—has been introduced into Boston—that is, *one* has appeared in the street, and Bostonians hope to see others speedily.

Overwork and excitement seem to have utterly broken down the health of Mr. Spurgeon. He writes to his congregation that he is "altogether laid aside, without either brain to think or heart to write."

Next June the Triennial Handel Festival will be held in the London Crystal Palace.

The removal of the Main Centennial Exhibition Building from Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, has been under discussion. Instead of this being done, however, the Permanent Exhibition Company are to raise a sufficient sum to keep the building in proper condition.

Some time in May, 1879, Charles Freeman, of Pocasset, Massachusetts, killed his little daughter while in a state of religious frenzy. He has been on trial for murder, but medical experts declare him to be insane, and he is to be sent to an asylum. He expresses no regret for the deed, although he seems to have loved his child, but declares the sacrifice was required of him by God. He had expected, however, that God would stay his hand, as he did Abraham's, before the knife touched the child, or that she would be restored to life again. Freeman himself repels the imputation of insanity, and has manifested the utmost indifference as to the result of the trial. On all ordinary subjects he seems to be sane. It is plain that people who are only sane in spots should be regarded as dangerous members of society, and be placed under suitable restrictions.

Twenty-five indictments have been found against the Rev. Edward Cowley of the "Shepherd's Fold," charging him with misdemeanor and assault and battery. If found guilty, he may be sentenced to imprisonment for one year on each indictment. There was very little public sympathy for his fate when he was arrested and lodged in a cell of the Tombs to await the result of further investigation into his deeds of neglect and cruelty.

An exchange has the following: "Howells said once in an after-dinner speech that such was his stern impartiality as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, that on one occasion he respectfully declined one of his own contributions."

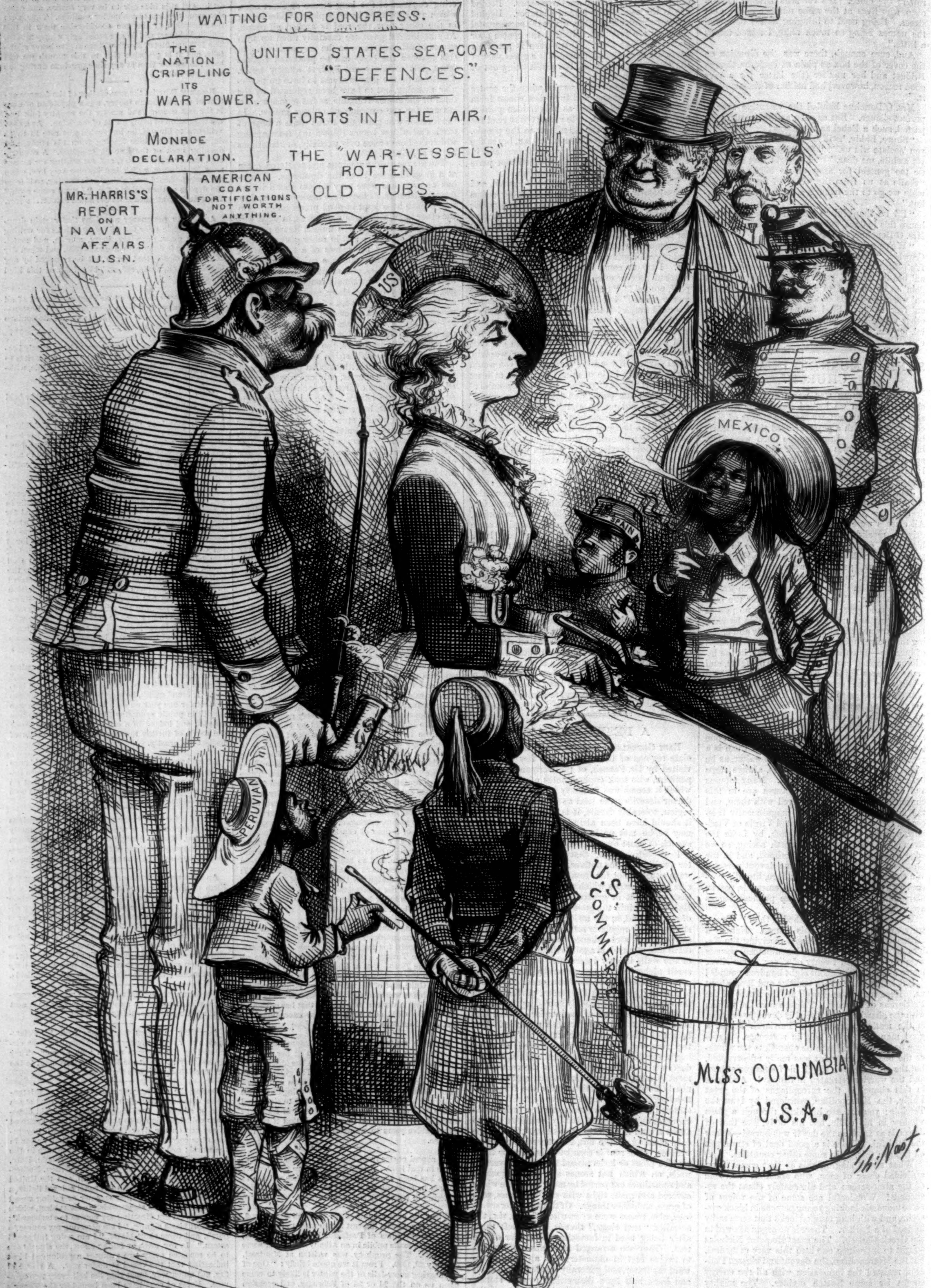
Facilities for swift communication between various places in our own and in other countries are constantly increasing. Quite recently the lines of the new French Cable Company and those of the American Union Telegraph Company have been opened for general business.

An immense suspension-bridge is projected over the Firth of Forth, in Scotland—in fact, the work was begun last September, but suspended in anticipation of the contract for the whole undertaking being accepted, which has since been done. The engineer is Sir Thomas Bouch, who designed the Tay Bridge. As it is only too evident that the Tay Bridge did not solve the problem of safely spanning broad rivers, the construction of the bridge over the Firth of Forth may be carried on with more watchfulness than would have been the case had not the Tay Bridge proved unreliable.

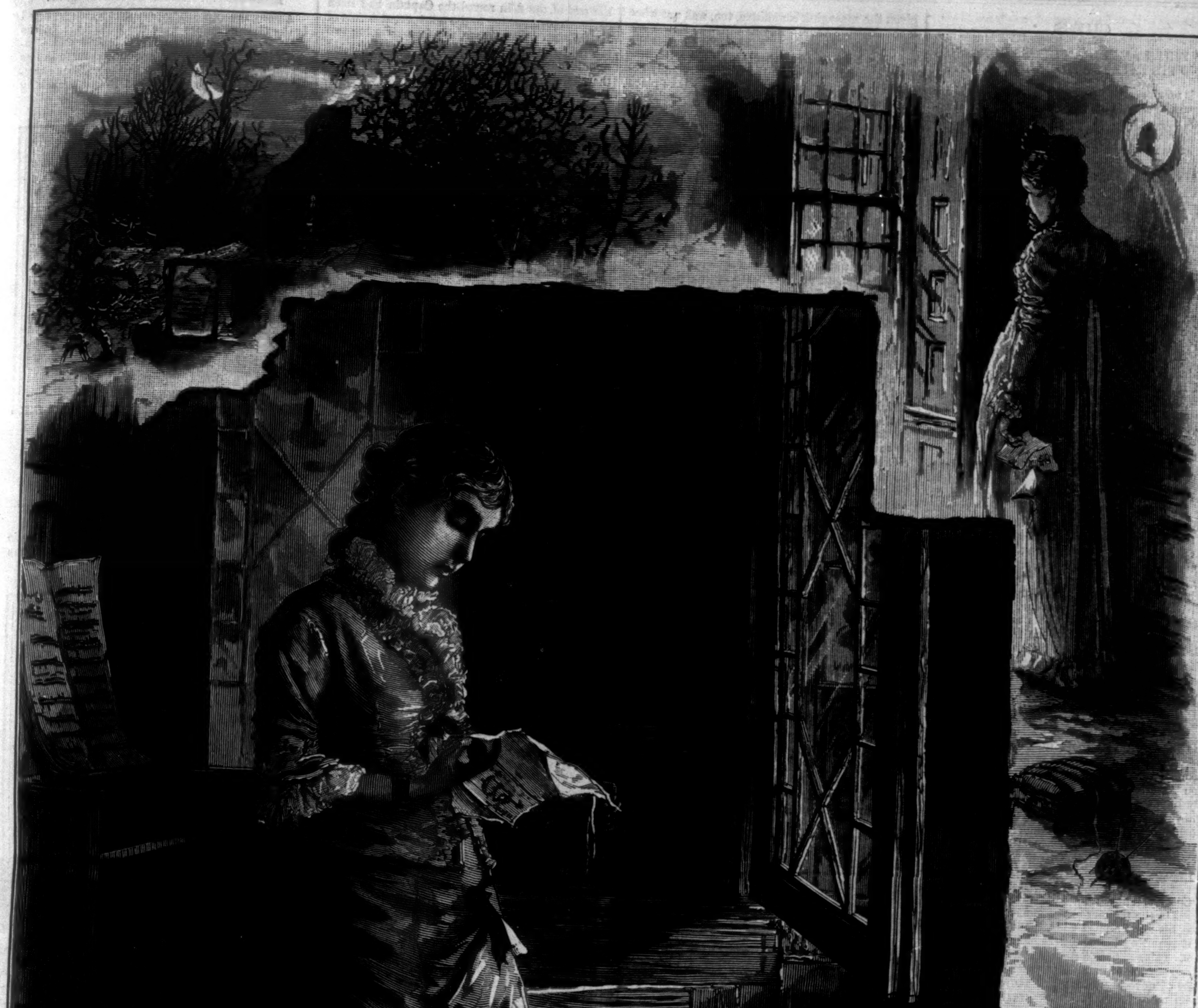
One tramp less in Massachusetts—a murderous vagabond who assaulted an aged farmer having been sent to the State-prison for thirty-one years.

According to recent intelligence from St. Petersburg, a new revolutionary proclamation has been circulated by the students of the high schools. They declare they will fight the Russian government to the end, even though it costs their lives.

During the coming year a new system of international ocean and river signals and rules of road at sea is to be adopted. Incited by a desire to avoid disastrous collisions similar to those which have occurred at sea and on the river Thames, the English government has corresponded with every maritime nation in the world; and the countries which acquiesce in the new regulations are France, Germany, Russia, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Denmark, Sweden, Netherlands, Austro-Hungary, Greece, Chili, and the United States of America. Besides the usual colored lights, a steamer discerning another steamer or sailing vessel must sound with the steam-whistle a short blast, which will mean, "I am directing my course to starboard"; two short blasts signify, "I am directing my course to port"; and three short blasts, "I am going full speed astern." In fog, mist, or falling snow, the signals are to be repeated every two minutes, a prolonged blast indicating that the vessel is under way. A vessel in fog, not under way, must ring the bell every two minutes. Rules of road have been issued by the Thames Conservancy, which are to guide British and foreign ships on the Thames River. These precautions are certainly necessary, although during the recent prolonged foggy weather in London residents on the river-side were considerably disturbed by the incessant noise of the fog-whistles on the Thames.


WAITING FOR CONGRESS.
THE NATION CRIPPLING ITS WAR POWER.
UNITED STATES SEA-COAST "DEFENCES."
"FORTS" IN THE AIR.
THE "WAR-VESSELS" ROTTEN OLD TUBS.
MONROE DECLARATION.
AMERICAN COAST FORTIFICATIONS NOT WORTH ANYTHING.
MR. HARRIS'S REPORT ON NAVAL AFFAIRS U.S.N.
US
MEXICO.
SPAIN
PERUVIAN
U.S. COMME
MISS COLUMBIA U.S.A.
Th: Nast.

THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE.


GRAND
MOTHER'S
VAL-
·EN·
TINE
McCutcheon

A ROMANCE OF OTHER DAYS.—Drawn by S. G. McCutcheon.

CHESS.

THE FIFTH AMERICAN CHESS CONGRESS AND ITS INTERNATIONAL TOURNEY.

It is now nearly thirty years since the first chess congress ever held in England took place; it occurred during the first World's Fair in 1851. In this convention of chess-players those of America took no part. Six years later, however, our chess-players followed the example of their English brethren, and the first chess congress known in the history of the game in America was held in New York. The grand tournament given under the auspices of this congress in 1857 resulted in the brilliant success of Paul Morphy, who won the first prize easily, Louis Paulsen being second, Theodore Lichtenhein third, and Dr. Raphael fourth, Mr. Horner, of Brooklyn, winning the first prize in the minor tourney which followed. The contestants in the grand tourney, besides the four above named, were Messrs. James Thompson, Judge Meek, N. Marache—all three since dead—H. P. Montgomery, H. Knott, W. S. Allison, D. W. Fiske, Charles H. Stanley, Rev. S. R. Calthrop, Frederick Perrin, W. J. A. Fuller, H. Kennicott, and Dennis Julien. This American tournament introduced to the chess world the greatest genius the game has ever known, our Paul Morphy, whose career in London and Paris the year following placed him in the position of the chess champion of the world.

It was thirteen years after this inaugural congress before a second similar gathering of chess-players of America occurred, Cleveland, Ohio, being the scene of the second meeting of the kind, it being of minor importance, however, compared to the first great event. A few years prior to this second tourney—which took place in 1870—Captain George H. Mackenzie, a noted player in the English and Irish clubs, though a Scotchman by birth, had arrived in this country, and had entered the American chess arena, and, of course, became one of the contestants at the Cleveland tourney, in which he won the first prize. The third congress and tourney took place in Chicago in 1873, and in this Captain Mackenzie came off victor; the fourth was held in Philadelphia in 1876, and in this Mr. Mason won the first prize. Like the Cleveland meeting, both of these gatherings failed to equal in importance the initial congress of 1857, though the Philadelphia tourney was in advance of those held at Cleveland and Chicago. At all of these tourneys there was no second Paul Morphy, apparently, ready to champion America's cause in chess, it being physically impossible for the great player himself to again enter the chess world, his mental condition precluding anything of the kind, his mind having given way under the intense strain it was subjected to during his visit to Europe. Last May a young journalist of this city saw the once renowned chess champion kneeling at the altar of a Catholic church in New Orleans, telling his beads in the manner of a deranged religious devotee, his mind almost gone, though not to an extent requiring his confinement in an insane asylum. This sad termination of Paul Morphy's chess career exhibits in a painfully striking manner the folly of devoting during the hours of relaxation from more important work every power of the mind to excel in a game designed only for amusement.

The fifth chess congress in America was duly inaugurated in New York on the night of January 5, 1880, under the auspices of a committee of management composed of the following ardent supporters of the game, viz., Hon. William T. Minor, Henry Sedley, Frederick Perrin, Thomas Frère, Charles A. Gilberg, F. M. Teed, Chaplain J. D. Beugless, U.S.N., William M. De Visser, Henry C. Allen, E. W. Owen, M.D., Robert Hentscher, A. L. Grütter, Arthur Hardencourt, and Archibald Edmonstone.

These gentlemen, in their desire to arrange a grand tourney in this city for 1880, had made every effort to obtain the co-operation of the chess clubs of the country; but the majority of the clubs, from some cause or other, failed to give their aid or countenance to the project, only to find, however, that, despite their lack of co-operation, through the energy, enterprise, and executive ability displayed by the committee in question, the congress and its tourney proved to be the most successful of all that have occurred in America since 1857; and that in the skill exhibited by the contestants in the tourney, and the close struggle from first to last for the prizes, it vied in interest even with the inaugural tourney which brought Morphy before the chess world.

THE FIFTH CHESS CONGRESS.

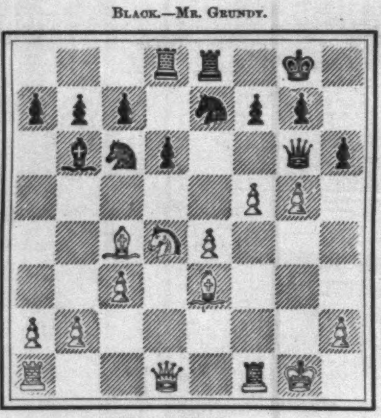
It was on the night of January 5 that the chess congress convened in the large hall over the O'Connor Billiard Parlors in Union Square, and on that occasion the chess-players who proposed to enter the lists in the congress tourney presented their credentials. There were ten entries, and the names of the competitors were as follows: Captain Mackenzie, of New York, the chess champion of America; Max Judd, of St. Louis, the champion of the Southwest; A. G. Sellman, the chess editor of the Baltimore *Herald;* James Grundy, the leading player of the Manchester Club, of England; Eugene Delmar, of New York; General Congdon, of Washington; Preston Ware, of Boston; and Charles A. Mohle, James S. Ryan, and A. Cohnfeld, three strong players of the Manhattan Club of New York. It was fully expected that the noted English champion, Mr. Blackbourne, would be one of the contestants, but the death of his wife prevented his visit; and also that Mr. Hosmer, of Chicago, and at least one of the prominent Philadelphia players, would participate in the tourney; but neither players, nor even contributions to the congress fund, came from either of these latter chess centres, and the fact can not be regarded as "greatly to their credit." The local support given the managing committee, too, was not what it should have been. At one time the New York Chess Club had given its co-operation, but at the meeting held in December that club withdrew from all participation in the congress, simply because they could not have the tourney take place in their club-rooms. Through the liberality of the O'Connor brothers the hall in Union Square was obtained for the use of the congress, and this was handsomely and appropriately decorated for the occasion; and during each day's session of the congress the hall was crowded with chess-players from all parts of the country, even Montreal and Toronto sending delegates.

THE CHESS TOURNAMENT.

At first, when an estimate of the relative strength of the contestants, and the probable issue of the tourney, was made by local experts, it was the general opinion that Captain Mackenzie would have a comparatively easy task in carrying off the honors of the tourney; but before the third round of the games had been completed—each round consisting of two games played by each competitor with every other player—the fact was realized that there were one or two "dark horses" in the race, and that the champion was not going to have as easy a task to win as his friends had anticipated. The drawing of lots for numbers in the pairing off for each round had assigned to Captain Mackenzie the player who happened to be the least successful of any in the tourney, and consequently the close of the first round saw the Captain the winner of the first two games. In the second round, however, his opponent was the Manchester player, Mr. Grundy, and, to the surprise of the champion's admirers, he had to submit to defeat in the first game, and with difficulty obtained a draw in the second. This surprise party of course imparted a new interest to the tourney, and from the second round to the last every game was watched with eager interest. Of course a tourney of this kind could not occur without its presenting some prominent instances of the varied situations and surprising incidents peculiar to the game, and one of these occurred in the very first round of the tourney. The first game between Max Judd and Mr. Grundy had resulted in a draw, after the longest game of the whole series, the contest occupying nearly twelve hours. In the second game the former had Mr. Grundy well in hand, with victory almost a foregone conclusion, when, by a series of miscalculations, followed by a spirited rally by Mr. Grundy, Max Judd lost all his advantage, and eventually lost the game.

The position in the game in question when the fatal mistakes were made was as seen in the appended diagram.

BLACK.—MR. GRUNDY.



WHITE.—MR. JUDD.

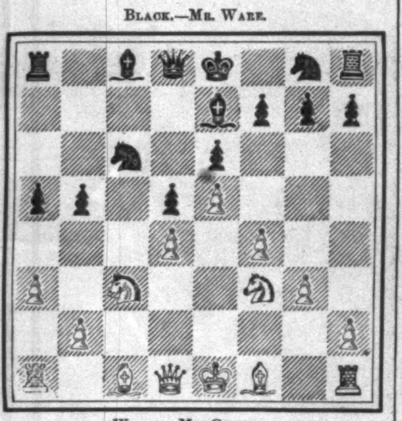
It was Mr. Grundy's move, and boldly leaving his queen *en prise*, he took off the knight with his bishop. Mr. Judd, instead of retaking the bishop with his pawn, took off the queen. Black then took the bishop, checking, thereby gaining two pieces for his queen. White then moved his king to his knight's second square, and Black played his king to his rook's square. White then made his second mistake, by taking the pawn with his pawn instead of with his bishop. After this, Mr. Grundy played the ending in masterly style, and eventually won what was otherwise a lost game to him. By the end of the third round of the tourney Mr. Grundy was in the van, with Mr. Sellman a good second, young Mohle third, and the Captain fourth on the list. Such an unexpected result drew general attention to the tourney from all parts of the country, and the papers teemed with complimentary references to the unusually fine play exhibited by the several contestants.

At the close of the fourth round Max Judd had obtained second place in the struggle for the lead, Mr. Grundy still heading the list, and with young Mohle third, and Sellman fourth; the Captain had to be content with fifth position. This, of course, led to a large increase in the attendance; and even the London and Paris clubs began to be interested in the tourney, and telegrams had to be forwarded to each city each day. By the end of the fifth round the Captain had risen to fourth place, owing to the unexpected defeat of Mr. Sellman by Mr. Ware, the former losing two pieces by a miscalculation. When the sixth round ended, and two-thirds of the games had thereby been played, Mr. Grundy still headed the list without his having sustained a single defeat, Max Judd being second on the list, Mohle third—this young player having displayed unexpected strength—and the Captain fourth. Now came the tug of war. But three more rounds remained to be played, and the champion had up-hill work before him to escape defeat. Indeed, it was apparently on the cards for him to be deprived of even second prize. But now it was that his experience and training in playing in tourneys told in his favor. The mental strain incident to eighteen days' play, averaging from five to seven hours to a game, began to tell on "the man from Manchester." In the seventh round Mr. Grundy had Mr. Sellman, of Baltimore, as his opponent, and a close struggle between them was anticipated. The first game was handsomely won by Mr. Grundy, but the second resulted in his defeat, it being the first game he had lost in the tourney. By this time the Captain had obtained third place in the contest, Mr. Grundy still leading, with Max Judd a good second. The close of the eighth round threw Mr. Judd out of second place, his defeat by young Mohle giving the latter second place in his stead, Mr. Grundy still being in the van, and the Captain a close third. In fact, by actual count he was equal with Mohle, though the latter had one more won game to his credit; but by counting the drawn games as half a game, each was credited with eleven and a half games, Grundy having twelve and a half. The last round saw the culmination of the interest in the tourney, and it was in this round that Mr. Ware agreeably surprised his Boston friends by defeating his English adversary, Mr. Grundy. This proved to be a damaging defeat to the latter, as it placed him on an equal footing at the finish with the Captain. It was in this game that Mr. Ware successfully played his "Meadow Hay" opening, the moves of which in this game were as follows:

WHITE. Mr. Grundy.	BLACK. Mr. Ware.	WHITE. Mr. Grundy.	BLACK. Mr. Ware.
1..P–K 4	P–Q R 4	6..P–Q B 3	P × P
2..P–Q 4	P–K 3	7..P × P	Kt–Q B 3
3..P–K B 4	P–Q B 3	8..P–Q R 3	B–K 2
4..Kt–K B 3	P–Q 4	9..Kt–Q B 3	B–K R 5+
6..P–K 5	P–Q B 4	10..P–K Kt 3	B–K 2

The position illustrative of Mr. Ware's "Meadow Hay" opening, which resulted in his defeating Mr. Grundy, is as follows. It occurred at the close of the tenth move.

BLACK.—MR. WARE.



WHITE.—MR. GRUNDY.

This victory rendered it necessary to play two extra games, and these were expected to be the model contests of the tourney. But circumstances led to these being the shortest and poorest games of the tourney, the Captain winning the two supplementary games in about three hours' play.

The tourney proper ended on Monday, January 26, with the result of Mr. Mohle winning the third prize, of $200; Mr. Sellman the fourth, of $100; and Mr. Judd the fifth, of $50; leaving Mr. Grundy and Captain Mackenzie to contest for the first prize on the following Thursday. In the interim the contestants participated in a chess banquet, given them by the committee at the Westminster Hotel on Tuesday night, January 27, at which the minor prizes were presented to the winners. On Wednesday the congress met as a Committee of the Whole, and organized the National Chess Association of American Chess-Players. They electing the following officers: President, Colonel J. R. Fellows; secretary, Henry C. Allen; treasurer, Chaplain J. D. Beugless, U.S.N. There are thirteen vice-presidents to be appointed by the president. The annual dues are two dollars; and the association, being based on individual membership only, and not by clubs, bids fair to be a permanent institution. The final games in the tourney were played on Saturday, January 31, the Captain winning both, and thereby taking the first prize of $500, Mr. Grundy winning the second prize of $300.

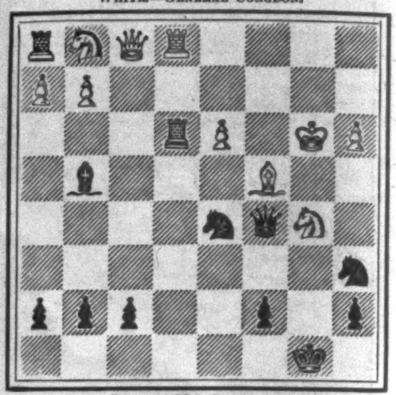
The full record of the tourney is presented in the following table:

	Mackenzie.	Grundy.	Mohle.	Sellman.	Judd.	Delmar.	Ryan.	Ware.	Congdon.	Cohnfeld.	Games won.	Games drawn.	Victories counting.
Mackenzie	……	0 ½ 1 1	1 0	½ ½	½ 1	1 1	1 1	1 1	½ 1	1 1	11	5	15½
Grundy	1 ½ 0 0	……	½ ½	1 0	½ 1	1 1	1 ½	0 1	1 1	1 1	11	5	13½
Mohle	0 1	½ ½	……	0 ½	1 ½	0 1	1 1	1 1	1 1	1 1	11	4	13
Sellman	½ ½	0 1	1 ½	……	1 0	1 ½	1 1	0 ½	1 1	1 1	10	5	12½
Judd	½ 0	½ 0	0 ½	0 1	……	½ 1	1 1	1 1	0 1	1 1	9	4	11
Delmar	0 0	0 0	1 0	0 ½	½ 0	……	1 1	1 1	½ 1	1 1	8	3	9½
Ryan	0 0	0 ½	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	……	1 1	1 0	1 1	5	1	5½
Ware	0 0	1 0	0 0	1 ½	0 0	0 0	0 0	……	½ 1	1 ½	4	3	5½
Congdon	½ 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	1 0	½ 0	0 1	½ 0	……	0 0	2	3	3½
Cohnfeld	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 ½	1 1	……	….	….	….
Games lost	2	4	3	3	5	7	12	11	13	15	….	….	….
Defeats counting	4½	6½	5	5½	7	8½	12½	12½	14½	15½	….	….	….

NOTEWORTHY POSITIONS IN THE TOURNEY.

Among the interesting positions which occurred in the tourney games were the following: In the second contest between Mr. Cohnfeld and General Congdon the former announced mate in five moves when the pieces were in the position as appended, and White had played P–Q 4, attacking Black's queen.

WHITE.—GENERAL CONGDON.



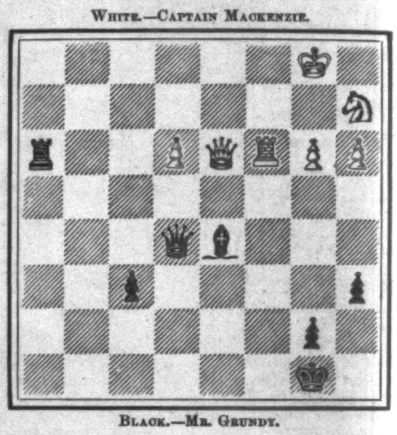
BLACK.—MR. COHNFELD.

The ending moves were as follows:

WHITE. General Congdon.	BLACK. Mr. Cohnfeld.
P–Q 4	R×P (ch)
K–R 2	R×P (ch)
Kt×R	Kt–K B 6 (ch)
K–R sq	Q×Kt (ch)
B–R 2	Q×B mate.

In the first game between Captain Mackenzie and Mr. Grundy the position of the pieces at the close of the afternoon session was as follows:

WHITE.—CAPTAIN MACKENZIE.

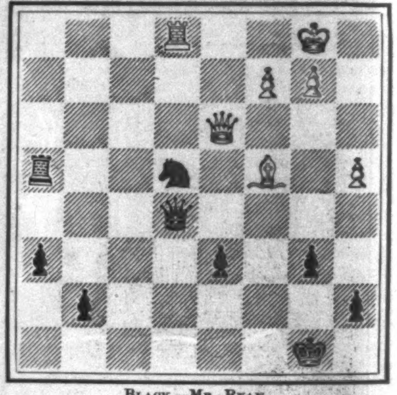


BLACK.—MR. GRUNDY.

In the evening the Captain had to succumb to his English adversary, Mr. Grundy winning handsomely.

In the second game between Max Judd and Mr. Ryan the latter had his opponent in a very favorable position for victory, when he made a mistake in moving his queen. Instead of checking with his knight, Mr. Ryan played his queen to K B 5, and thereby lost the match. The position before he moved his queen was as follows:

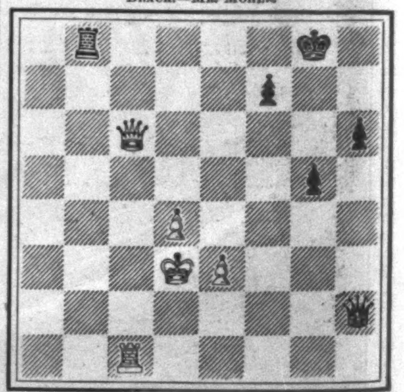
WHITE.—MR. JUDD.



BLACK.—MR. RYAN.

An interesting position occurred in the first game between Max Judd and Mr. Mohle. The position at the close of the thirty-ninth move was as follows:

BLACK.—MR. MOHLE.



WHITE.—MAX JUDD.

It was White's move, and he played R–Q B 3, Black responding with R Q Kt 7. Ultimately Mr. Mohle won by some masterly strategy.

THE OLD VALENTINE.

To-day they brought a valentine to me—
  A dainty missive. In each tender word
I learned of a warm heart which fain would be
  My own. But, ah! no sweet response has stirred
My heart to answering chords of happiness,
  E'en though the love which breathes in every line
Strives like the yearning touch of a caress
  With its own fire to kindle also mine.

But on my breast all through this day hath lain
  A faded scrap of paper, blurred and torn.
Ah me! how long ago since love was slain!
  And yet still daily o'er its grave I mourn.
My own dead love! how can I turn from thee
  Who loved me so? The heart which thine had won,
Shall it to new love yield? It must not be!
  Still shall it be thine own till life be done.

Thou in thy lonely grave so far away
  Mayst rest in peace, and have no thought of fear
That memory in my breast will turn or stray
  From love of thee, and other days so dear.
So for the words which I this day have read
  I can but offer friendship, since my heart
Lies with its only love low in his bed
  Beneath the daisies, nor from him will part.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1203.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "At Her Mercy," "Bred in the Bone," "Beggar on Horseback," "Walter's Word," "Under One Roof," "High Spirits," etc.

CHAPTER VII.—(*Continued.*)

MOOR STREET.

In one of the mirrors with which the room was lined Matthew Helston saw the major depart: a handsome fellow, clean-limbed and tall, and with features so regular and delicate that the long tawny mustache only just saved them from effeminacy; in reality he was of about Helston's age, but like him much older in appearance; only his old looks had not been acquired by thought or care, and if they had grown upon him through disappointment, it was not the disappointment of wrecked hopes, but of satiety. For Major Frederic Lovell might almost have said (with one more famous, but of the same class) that "he had had enough of everything," by which he would have meant, in the main, of things that he had much better have been without, and of some of which it might have been said that it would have been better far had they perished in the using. That the lines of life of such a man and those of Matthew Helston should have crossed was strange—their planes being so different—but they had done so.

So immersed was he in the sad memories roused by the late presence of this man, as things from the depths of a sluggish stream will rise long after that has gone which stirred them, that not only the step of Sir Charles Pargiter upon the well-carpeted stairs failed to reach his ear, but the whispered, "Hulloa! who have we here?" which that gentleman addressed to his wife.

"It is only the person from Messrs. Star & Signet," answered she, sharply, annoyed doubtless that anything—and especially anything of such small consequence—should have attracted her husband's attention from the object to which she would have directed it.

"Did *they* send this picture, then?" inquired he.

"No, no: what *does* it signify? How stupid you are! I want your opinion upon its merits."

"But if I'm so stupid, what can be the value of it?" inquired Sir Charles, puffing slowly at his cigar. His eyeglass was in his eye, but his blonde bearded face was quite destitute of any critical expression. It seldom wore any, indeed, at all, save that of careless good nature, except when his wife annoyed him—as she was doing now. He had been summoned from his brandy and soda to look at one of the bargains on which she prided herself, but in which he himself took no sort of interest. And she had called him stupid before a stranger.

To do Lady Pargiter justice she was unaware of having offended in the latter respect; for though she herself was quite conscious of the presence of "the person from Messrs. Star & Signet" (and even favored him with her dislike), she had that exalted idea of good birth and good breeding in others—such as her husband—that she conceived him to be utterly indifferent to such a circumstance.

"You are very civil, Sir Charles, I'm sure," said she: for she never failed to give him his brand-new title, even when most displeased with him. "If the picture were of some wretched race-horse, it would excite your interest soon enough, I'll warrant."

As Sir Charles stood sideways to the table, partly perhaps to express his indifference to the object upon it, Matthew could see him distinctly, and when the word "race-horse" was mentioned, he noticed the blonde face grow red, and the smooth forehead pucker into an unmistakable frown. A disciple of Lavater would perhaps have discerned in Sir Charles's features some turn of the nostril or droop of the chin which betokened determination of character; but turn or no turn, droop or no droop, it was the fact that on certain rare occasions the good-natured baronet could be what some persons called "nasty," and others "as obstinate as the devil." Perhaps his wife saw that this was one of them, for she suddenly exclaimed, with irritation, "There, that will do; you can take away the picture."

The color rushed to Matthew Helston's face, and words of bitterness to his lips, but ere he could utter them, Sir Charles stepped forward, with, "Permit me to assist you, sir. My wife has forgotten for the moment that you are not in her service."

Lady Pargiter's face was always red, but it changed to a deeper color, as though a poppy should become a carnation, at her husband's words. Not a syllable did she speak, but while the two men were placing the picture against the wall, began taking off her diamonds and putting them in the jewel-case that stood beside her. Her hands trembled as she did so, and threw their glancing rays to left and right. It was a strange scene, for the mirrored room was brilliantly lit up, and showed half-a-dozen Lady Pargiters, and a thousand sparkling crystals. When she had taken them from her ears and neck, and their flame was quenched by the lid of the jewel-case, she literally appeared to have "gone out"—like any poor farthing candle.

"There they are, sir; take them."

Matthew did so, with a certain appearance of respect—which was paid not to her, but to her husband. She looked so cross, and so uncomely; so conscious of the reproof that had been administered to her, and yet so unrepentant of the offense that had drawn it forth, that he pitied the possessor of such a wife from the bottom of his heart. In haste to relieve him from the embarrassment of his presence, quite as much as from his own desire to quit her presence, he was going away with the jewels, when the shrill voice of Lady Pargiter recalled him.

"The receipt, Mr. Helston; where is the receipt?" she said, with vehemence.

"It lies on your table, madam."

He had placed it there as he took the diamonds, but in her passion she had not observed that he had done so.

"Oh! I thought you might have made a forget of it."

The ungraciousness of her tone was even greater than that of her words, and as she spoke them, she turned her back upon Matthew.

"One moment, Mr. Helston," said her husband, stepping forward as the other moved toward the door. "Lady Pargiter has also made a forget of something—her good manners. Permit me to apologize for her, and to beg your pardon."

CHAPTER VIII.

GENTLEMEN OF FASHION.

The circumstances attendant upon Matthew Helston's late visit to Moor Street were, of course, exceptional ones. His errands thither were always accompanied by something unpleasant, but he had never met with such rudeness from Lady Pargiter as on the occasion in question. Yet, curiously enough, his sense of humiliation as he left her door that night was not so keen as usual. In the first place, her conduct had been resented by her own husband, who, whatever his faults, had behaved like a gentleman to him, and in seeking pardon for his wife's rudeness had obtained it, perhaps more easily than her ladyship would have done herself; and secondly, Matthew's mind was distracted from his own wrongs by the consideration of those of another person.

We have hinted that in the spring-time of his life he had formed an attachment, which, if not a "grand passion," was for the time an absorbing one. Young as he was when he married, he had had time (and opportunity), before he had ever set eyes on his Sabey, of falling in love with Phœbe Mayson, the pretty daughter of the miller of Latbury, who, living hard by the old Hall, had the privilege of showing its ruins to strangers—an office generally filled by his housekeeper, but sometimes entrusted to Phœbe herself. She was so very young that there appeared to be no harm in it, and besides she did not perform that office for every passer-by, but only for those who came from "the Castle," and were the guests of the Duke himself, her father's landlord. Matthew, of course, had not himself become acquainted with her in the capacity of cicerone. His first meeting with her was when, as a mere boy, he had obtained leave to fish in "the Lat," and in throwing the fly from the mill-dam he had been caught himself. It was no wonder, and, indeed, the most likely thing in the world to happen, for, notwithstanding his mathematical tastes, he was very impressionable, and of great simplicity, and Phœbe was as fresh and beautiful as any lily-bud of the Lat. His passion was reciprocated, but not in equal measure, or rather, perhaps, the young lady had an unusual supply of the article, and distributed the surplus to other objects; for even Matthew was obliged to confess to himself that she was something of a flirt. Under any circumstances it is probable that their attachment would have come to nothing, for she did not appreciate what was best in his character, and must in time have showed it; but as it was, the bond was snapped in a very sad and sudden manner. She ran away with Captain Frederic Lovell, on one of his frequent visits to the Duke of Latbury, which was the reason (as Matthew was well aware when he heard him speak of it) that the former gentleman had not gone to "the Castle" for some time, nor was likely to go. On that very bridge portrayed in Lady Pargiter's new purchase, Matthew had on one occasion seen them together, and been seen by both; but the captain had only showed his white teeth in amusement, and not anger, at his boyish wrath, and Phœbe had subsequently stifled his suspicions with a re-assuring kiss. At that time she had perhaps no intention of playing him false; but his studious ways and thoughts were by no means so much to her taste as the captain's gay and genial manners; and then he was the guest of a Duke, and had promised to make a great lady of her. Whether he ever promised to make her his wife was doubtful to many people, but Matthew Helston had no doubt of it, and hated the man who had robbed him of his love and ruined her, as a thief and a liar. Whether Major Lovell—for he had got his "step" since then—had recognized him or not in Lady Pargiter's boudoir he did not know; but he believed he had done so, and that the recognition had caused his abrupt departure.

At all events, Matthew had recognized *him;* and the circumstance had aroused many a bitter and indignant thought within him. What a world was this wherein a perjurer and seducer was taken by the hand by a fine lady, and admitted to her friendship, while for an honest man like himself she had nothing but rudenesses and insults! Though it was on the major rather than on Lady Pargiter that his mind was mainly dwelling, Matthew was resolved to tell Mr. Signet on the morrow that he must find some one else to do his errands in Moor Street.

When the cab took him to Poulet Street, it was already astir with early traffic, and as he let himself in at the private door, the morning light was pouring in through many a crack and cranny. If it had been midwinter, indeed, he would have found no difficulty in finding his way about the "show-room," which all night long was brilliantly illuminated. Through the glass door on his left he could see the strong light shining on many a costly jewel—and so could the policeman on his beat without. For Mr. Signet adopted all the newest improvements in vogue for the preservation of his property, and one of them, as every one knows, is to put iron bars to one's shop window, but no shutters. The precaution was considered sufficient for his ordinary stock in trade; but his more precious possessions were guarded in a manner peculiar to his own establishment, and after a plan invented by Matthew Helston himself. We have said that his uncle Stephen's recommendation had gained him his post at Mr. Signet's, but this was not the whole truth; it had procured him employment with that gentleman in the first instance, but his present position of "confidential agent" (as his employer termed it) was due (in combination of course with his character for trustworthiness) to his own mathematical intelligence. He had constructed for Mr. Signet a place of security for his most valuable possessions on a plan entirely his own, and which had met with that gentleman's approval so far as any invention, not his own, had ever been known to meet it. For Mr. Signet was not one to squander his eulogiums, and, besides, he had himself a turn for practical mathematics, and we know that "two of a trade," even when they chance to agree, do not form a mutual admiration society. The safe of Messrs. Star & Signet—the mere receptacle, that is, of their choicest and rarest wares, and in the centre of which the Pargiter diamonds (worth all the rest together) reposed, when not adorning the person of their fair owner—was, of course, as solid and strong as smiths could make it. The locks were at once complicated and simple, impossible to pick, yet working as easily as a watch key; if not absolutely impregnable, it was a fortress to defy assault by fire or file though applied against it for whole days together; yet it had not inspired sufficient confidence in Mr. Signet, who had built a strong room for it, and about the time of Matthew Helston's accepting service with him, which happened to be coincident with the firm's arrangement with Lady Pargiter, had begun to entertain doubts even of the strong room.

For what satisfaction could it be to him, reflected Mr. Signet, to know that, humanly speaking, he had taken all precautions, if by some devilish craft that safe should be opened, and he should lose his jewels, and become responsible for those of her ladyship to boot! His own crude idea was, with Matthew's aid, to construct trap-doors all round the object in question, through which any would-be burglar should straightway fall and perish in some pit prepared for him.

"But suppose some poor wretch should lose his life by those very means—or even by mistake," pleaded Matthew.

"Well, a deuced good thing, too," was his employer's reply. "I can't conceive a more excellent advertisement for our establishment."

But his new assistant had conscientious scruples—a circumstance which even in a foreman would have been indiscreet, but in a mere journeyman was little short of disgusting. Unhappily, from his birth Matthew Helston had indulged himself in the luxury of a conscience, and he did not understand that in reduced circumstances that is one of the first things a man is expected to "put down."

A curious example of his sense of duty had happened when he was leaving Tarlton Rectory one evening for his home at Latbury. He took a short-cut across the kitchen-garden where a mastiff had been let loose to check certain depredations in the melon beds, a fact of which he was inconveniently reminded by being flung to the ground and finding the animal's teeth in his neck-cloth. Though of delicate constitution, Matthew was physically strong, and after a short struggle he contrived to reverse positions with the animal, whom he got under him, and kept there until after much calling for help he obtained it.

The rector, shocked at what had so nearly been a catastrophe—for however good for melon-stealers, the discipline had been somewhat severe upon a dinner guest—inquired why Matthew had suffered himself to be mauled by the mastiff, when he could have throttled him as it seemed with comparative ease.

"The dog was only doing his duty, sir," replied Matthew, simply.

A rejoinder which, however just, was considered by his host (who liked his "duty" done *for* him whenever possible) not a little Quixotic.

On the occasion of which we are speaking, Mr. Signet entertained a similar view of Matthew's scruples; but as he needed his help, he was compelled to give way to them; and his assistant had made the strong room after his own fashion.

It was thither that Matthew now bent his way, with a lighted candle in his left hand, and his right in the neighborhood of his revolver. For it must be recorded to his credit that so long as the "Pargiter parure" (as Mr. Signet loved to call it) was in his possession, he never lost sight of its importance, nor of the possibility of some desperate attempt being made to transfer the ownership to other hands. In particular while the thing was in his charge he never suffered his thoughts to wander to Madge, being well aware of her power of monopolizing them.

Arrived at the strong-room door, which was of solid iron, he entered, and quickly closed it behind him. The apartment was on the ground-floor, and at the back of the premises; it had no window; and no one ever entered it save Mr. Signet, the foreman, and himself. The safe stood almost in the centre, opposite the door, and any one wishing to approach it would have naturally stepped straight forward. Matthew, however, stepped to the right, and kept close to the right-hand wall, exactly as if the middle of the room had been a flower garden, and had a gravel-walk around it. If he had done otherwise, he would have set a gong in motion that would have brought down two shopmen who slept above in an instant, and waked half Poulet Street with its alarum—a device not so deadly as Mr. Signet's proposed pitfalls, but far more simple, and equally efficacious.

Above the door of the safe was a letter lock, whispered in the house to be of the most elaborate construction, and in which Mr. Signet took especial pride, for it was his own invention. The ingenuity of this lock consisted in its not having anything to do with the safe at all; it was merely a subtle artifice to deceive the unlicensed "operator," for the safe was opened with an ordinary—though quite inimitable—key. As the light of Matthew's candle fell upon its contents it disclosed only some half score of morocco cases, but each of which contained what was valued at a moderate fortune; some of them belonged to the firm, which was really Mr. Signet himself (Star having been long translated to his proper firmament), but others were pledges—security for money advanced to ladies of fashion, who were permitted to wear them as if they were their own on especial occasions and under certain stringent conditions. In the centre was a little velvet throne, set apart for the "Pargiter parure," where it reigned over the rest, by the highest title—that of superior worth, or market value.

Matthew deposited the case in its proper place, locked the safe and the door of the strong room behind him, and then gave a great sigh of relief. It was the last time, he had made up his mind, that that incubus should ever weigh upon it. Then with weary limbs but with a lightened heart he stepped into his cab for home.

His adventures, however, for the night, or rather morning, were not yet over; but what was about to happen to him needs a word of preface.

Though Major Frederic Lovell had left Lady Pargiter's boudoir as we have seen with considerable abruptness, it was not on account of the lateness of the hour (as he had pretended), and a virtuous desire to get to bed. As a rule, he did not care at what time he retired, though he was very particular about getting up early—that is to say, he never did it, nor even allowed himself to be called. The truth was, her ladyship's topic of conversation had been displeasing to him. The picture of old Latbury Castle had evoked certain unpleasant memories within him as it had in Matthew's case, though they were of a different kind. He had behaved badly to many a girl in his time, for which he felt little remorse; but Phœbe Mayson's case had been—and, alas! as he easily guessed, was still—a very hard one. Of course, he argued, and for once with some justice, that "the girl had met him half way," that "if she had not gone wrong with him, she would have done so with somebody else," etc. etc., but there had been circumstances in this affair that made it more serious than others of a like nature. To indulge a passing passion (a fancy as he now called it), he had outraged, in the opinion of no less a person than the Duke of Latbury, the laws of hospitality—for Phœbe was his tenant's daughter, and the major had been his guest when he eloped with her—and he was an outcast from his Grace's court in consequence. Moreover, he had loved the girl, so far as he was capable of such an emotion, and not only for her beauty: she had a sharp wit and a high spirit, which he admired even when he felt their force, as in a certain bitter hour (which he well remembered) when she had flung herself from him, not without provocation, and exchanged his scorned "protection" for a life of still greater shame. High birth and good society, although of great value as correctives, or rather sedatives, of such morbid feelings, do not always succeed in stifling self-reproach. And though he had only lied to her, as gentlemen of the highest fashion—and honor—are wont to do, his conscience pricked him.

[to be continued.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

It being agreed among a party of twelve that a disputed question should be settled by the opinion of the majority, the six ladies expressed themselves opposed to the six gentlemen, and claimed the victory. A gentleman objected to this, as the number of votes was equal, saying, "They are half and half." "True," replied a witty fair one, "but we are the better halves."

Does an umbrella express surprise when it has two under? You may have to wonder for some time what this means.

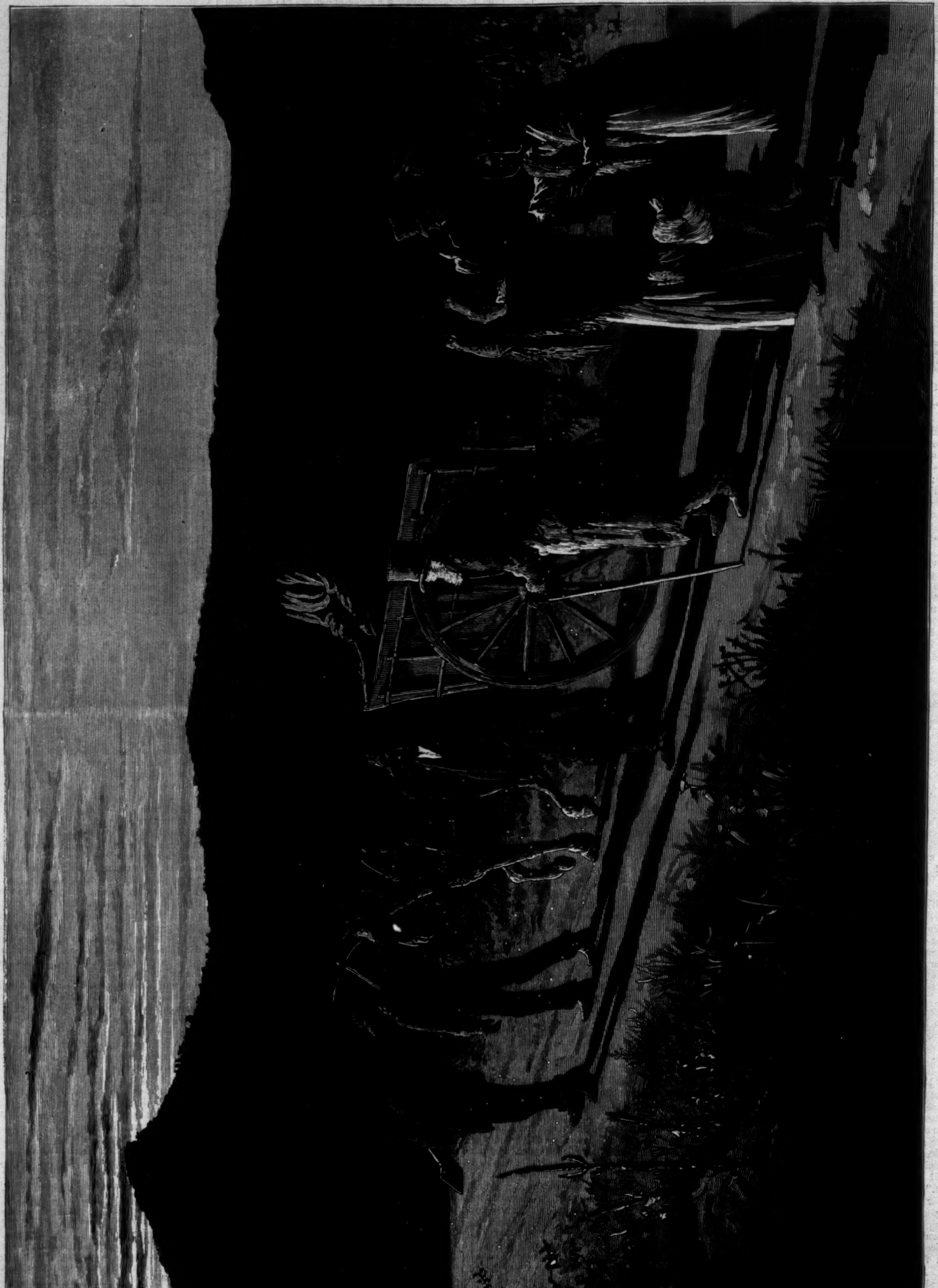
The average housewife will take more pains to keep a sickly fifteen-cent plant through four months of winter than she will to keep butter on the ice during three months of solid hot weather.

Doctor. "You must drink claret to build up your system."

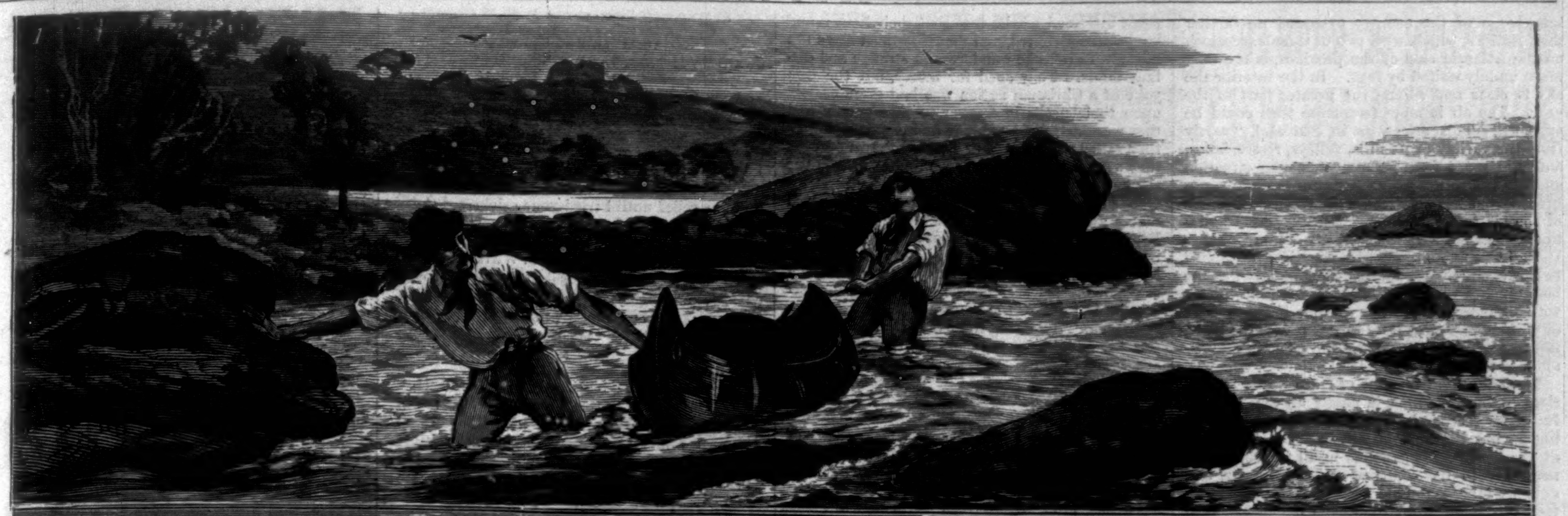
Patient. "Oh, don't ask me to do that, doctor. I am a wine-merchant; I know how it's made."

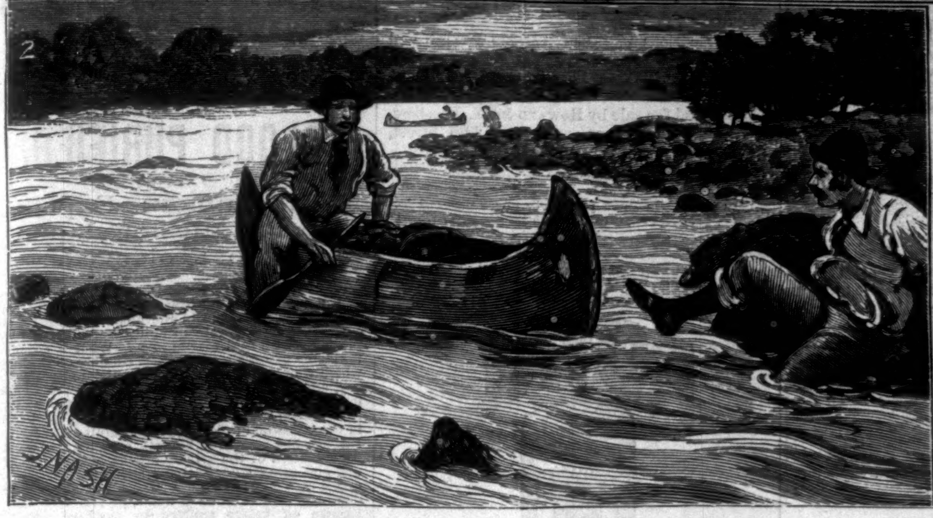
Nothing makes a woman so mad as to go to a shoe store to buy a pair of cheap slippers for her husband, and have a clerk try to sell her the identical pair she had just worked for a Christmas present for her minister.

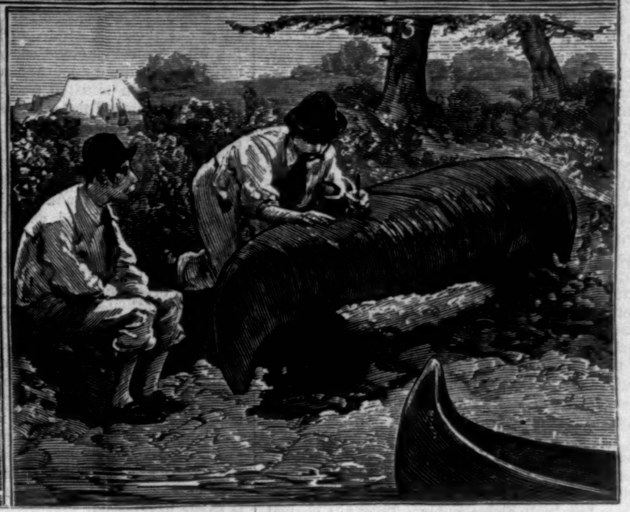
A small boy could not see why the "leaves" of tables, not resembling any leaves with which he was familiar, should be so called. At last he found it out. "I know," he cried: "they are called leaves because you can leave them up or you can leave them down."



A NEGRO FUNERAL IN VIRGINIA.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.







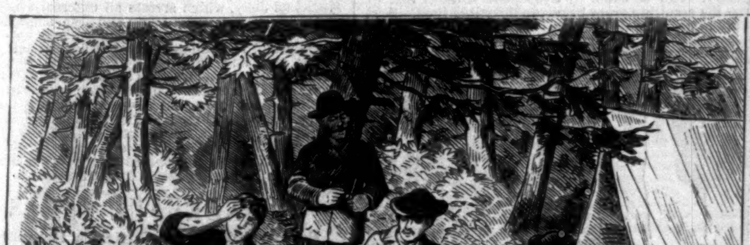
1. ANYTHING TO AVOID "LUGGING." 2. A DEEP HOLE—"FEND OFF." 3. PATCHING UP CANOES.

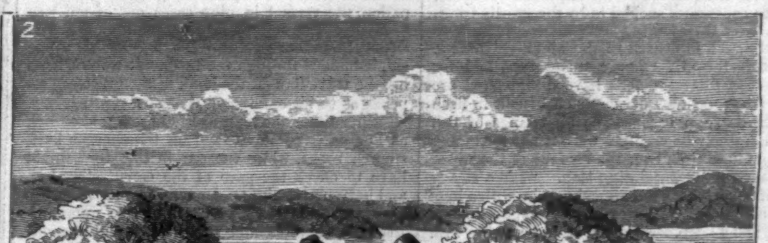
CANOEING IN NOVA SCOTIA.

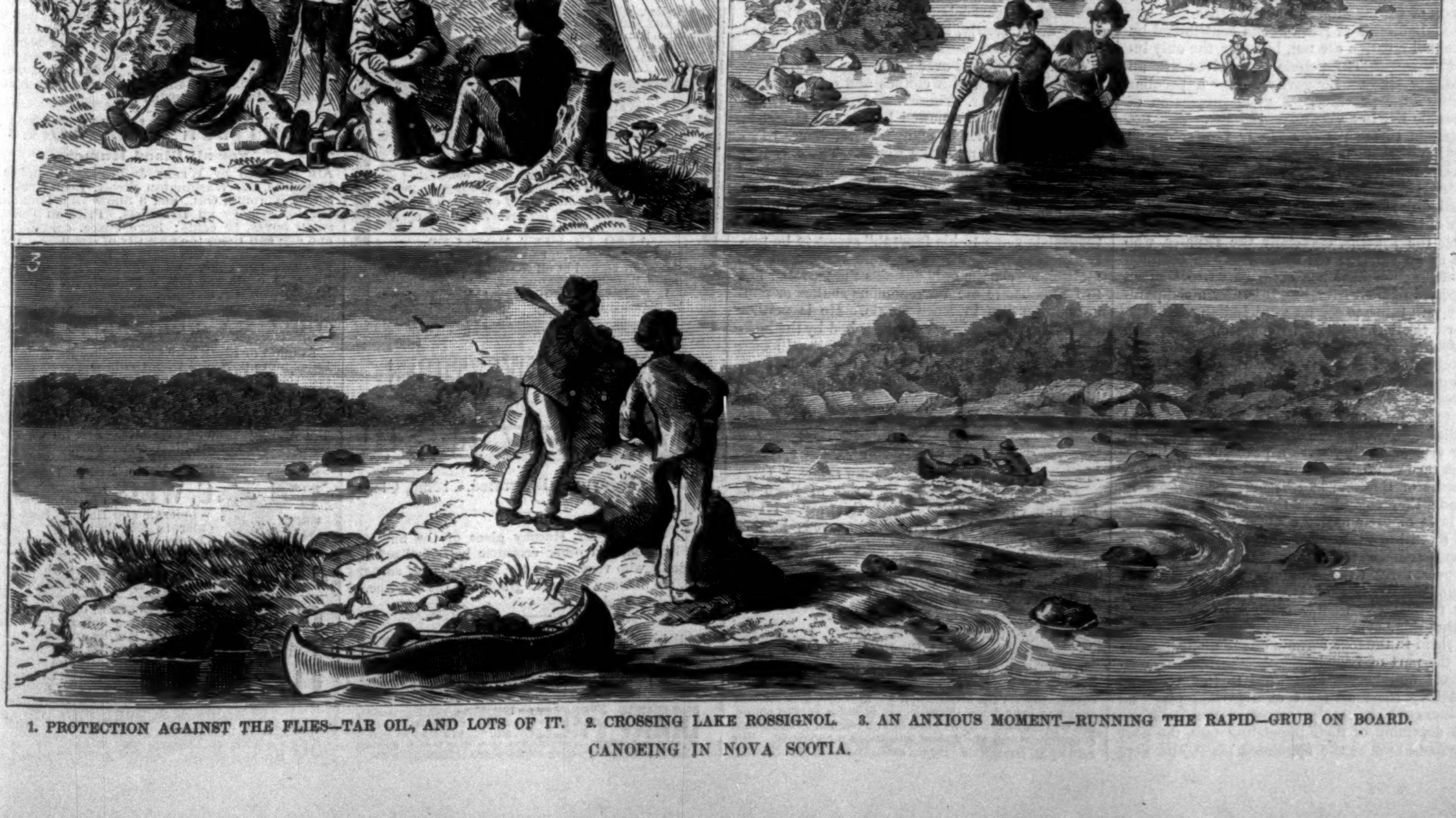
"To Mr. JOHN MACGREGOR, of the Inner Temple," writes Mr. W. L. ALDEN, in his delightful little volume on *The Canoe and the Flying Proa*, published among "Harper's Half-hour Series," "belongs the proud distinction of having invented a new pleasure. Other men have invented steamboats, railroads, telegraphs—mere devices to increase the hurry and rush which are the bane of modern life—but Mr. MACGREGOR has invented canoeing, the most perfect of all possible outdoor sports. Canoeing contains all the possible delights of yachting, and in addition many delights of which the yachtsman knows nothing. To use a delicately poetic figure, it bears to yachting the same relation that quinine bears to Peruvian bark. It is the active principle of yachting set free from costly suppers, tyrannical sailing-masters, and the endless war of keel and centre-board."

Certainly canoeing is one of the pleasantest of modern delights, and nowhere can it be enjoyed in fuller flavor than in Nova Scotia. The whole surface of the country is dotted with countless lakes. Often occurring in chains, these give rise to the larger rivers which flow into the Atlantic. In fact, all the rivers issue directly from lakes as their head-waters, these latter being again supplied by forest brooks rising in elevated swamps. In the hollows of the highlands are also lakes of every variety of form, and often quite isolated. Deep and intensely blue, their shores fringed with large bowlders, and generally containing several islands, they do much to diversify the monotony of the forest by their frequency and picturesque scenery. By this line of water communication, almost crossing the province, the most secluded recesses of the wild country can be reached by means of an Indian canoe. Easy and delightful is the mode of progression on the smooth lake, the only danger arising amid the rapids of some river, which, if insurmountable, entail the "portage," and a weary tramp, perhaps, through a long stretch of forest, with canoe, commissariat, and luggage to be borne upon the shoulders.

One ardent advocate of the delights of Nova Scotia, and a resident for a long time in the land, laments that every geographer who has written upon its climate describes it as a gloomy, cloudy region, constantly enveloped in a dreary fog which obscures the sun and impedes vegetation. Nothing can be farther from the truth. The strange misrepresentation can, in fact, only be accounted for by supposing that the information of these writers has been derived from persons whose







1. PROTECTION AGAINST THE FLIES—TAR OIL, AND LOTS OF IT. 2. CROSSING LAKE ROSSIGNOL. 3. AN ANXIOUS MOMENT—RUNNING THE RAPID—GRUB ON BOARD.

CANOEING IN NOVA SCOTIA.

knowledge of the country extended no farther than Halifax, which, with two or three exceptions on the Atlantic side of the province, is the only place unduly visited by fogs. In the interior the sky is clear and serene the greater part of the year. The air is more temperate than could be expected. This arises, as in Scotland, "partly from the variety of its hills, valleys, rivers, lakes, and still more from its almost insular situation and vicinity to the sea, which affords those warm breezes that not only soften the natural keenness of the air, but, by keeping it in perpetual agitation, render it pure and healthy." What Charles II. said of England may with propriety be applied to Nova Scotia. He said he thought that was the best climate where he could be abroad in the air with pleasure, or at least without inconvenience or trouble, the most days in the year. If this be the test of a good climate, Nova Scotia may be allowed to have a very tolerable one.

The hunting attractions of Nova Scotia are unrivalled, for they include nearly all the valuable fur-bearing animals of Northern American latitudes, but the land is *par excellence* the home of the beaver. It abounds in all the conditions necessary to its existence—rivers, brooks, and swampy lakes—and its former abundance is attested by the prevalence of such names as "Beaver Bank," "Beaver Harbor," and the numerous "Beaver Lakes" and "Beaver Rivers" scattered about the province. The market being so near, and its haunts so accessible and easy of observation, it is surprising that its extermination in this part of America has not long since been effected. But although the number of beavers has, of course, been immensely reduced, it seems now to be on the increase. The manner in which they build their houses in this part of the world is especially remarkable. They are always situated in the water. Sometimes the beavers make use of a natural pond, but generally they choose to form one by building a dam across a brook or rivulet. For this purpose they select a number of trees of soft wood, generally of less than six inches diameter, but sometimes of sixteen or eighteen inches. These they fell, and divide into proper lengths, and place them in the water so that the length of the sticks makes the width of the dam. These sticks they lay in mud or clay, their tails serving them for trowels and their teeth for axes. These dams are six or eight feet thick at bottom, sloping on the side opposed to the stream, and about a quarter as broad at the top as at the bottom. The formation of their cabins is no less remarkable. They consist of two stories, one under the other, but both above-water. They are shaped like an oval bee-hive, and of a size proportioned to the inhabitants.

Beaver-hunting is a winter sport, the summer season bringing with it the luxury of fishing in various forms. About the 10th of May, in Nova Scotia, when warm hazy weather occurs with westerly winds, the trout in all the lakes and streams are in the best mood for taking the fly. They are, moreover, full of the energy of new-found life, which appears in these climates to influence such animals as have been dormant during the long winter equally with the suddenly outbursting vegetation. A few days later and the great annual feast of the trout commences—the feast of the May-fly. Emerging from their cases all around the shores, rocky shallows, and islands, the May-flies cover the surface of the lakes in multitudes, and are constantly sucked in by the greedy trout, which leave their haunts and disperse themselves over the lake in search of the alighting insects. Although they thus gorge themselves, and for some days after the flies have disappeared are quite apathetic, they derive much benefit in flesh and flavor from them. The abundance of fish would scarcely be credited were it not for seeing the countless rises over the surface of the water constantly recurring during May. "It's a steady boil of them," says the ragged urchin, with a long "troutin' pole," as he calls his weapon, in one hand, and a huge cork at the end of a string with a bunch of worms attached to the other.

The inhabitants of Nova Scotia contributed by the animal creation are not, however, the only interesting ones. The people themselves are an interesting study. Longevity seems a peculiar feature of the province. A great proportion of the people live to a very advanced age. It is not uncommon to see persons ninety years old, and many have reached a hundred. The people who have emigrated from New England are peculiarly long-lived, numbers reaching their eightieth year in full enjoyment of all their faculties. Until lately this great longevity was also observable among the Indians, especially the females, who lived to an extreme old age. But the common use of ardent spirits has contributed to shorten the period of their lives, and it is now a comparatively rare thing to see an aged Indian.

Nova Scotia has its own romantic history, with sad and terrible chapters. It is Acadie, the land of Gabriel and Evangeline. In the year 1775, during the existence of the colonial difficulties between England and France, there existed in a remote section of Nova Scotia fifteen thousand Acadians. Aristocratic French blood flowed in their veins, and they were a peaceful and industrious race of husbandmen. Even after the government of England had become established in Canada, they cherished a secret attachment for the laws of their native country. But this was only a sentiment, and they continued in the peaceful cultivation of their lands. In process of time, however, three titled Englishmen, named Lawrence, Boscawen, and Mostyn, held a council, and formed the hard-hearted determination of driving this people from their homes, and scattering them to the four corners of the globe. Playing the part of friends, this brotherhood of conquerors and heroes sent word to the Acadians that they must all meet at a certain place on business which deeply concerned their welfare. Not dreaming of their impending fate, the poor Acadians met at the appointed place, and were there informed of the fact that their houses and lands were forfeited, and that they must leave the country, to become wanderers in strange and distant lands. They sued for mercy, but the iron yoke of a Christian nation was laid more heavily upon their necks in answer to that prayer, and they were driven from home and country; and as they sailed from shore or entered the wilderness they saw in the distance ascending to heaven the smoke of all that they had loved and lost. Those who survived found an asylum in the United States and in the more remote portions of the British Empire, and when, after the war, they were invited to return to their early home, only thirteen hundred were known to be in existence. It is a remnant of this very people who, with their descendants, are now the owners of the Madawaska settlement. But owing to their many misfortunes, the Acadians have degenerated, until now they are scarcely more than an ignorant, miserable people.

One great charm in a visit to Nova Scotia lies in the fact that it has never yet been but imperfectly surveyed. There is, so to speak, plenty of room for a moderate amount of novel exploration and discovery. This thought, together with the other attractions of the country, was the one that led a couple of adventurous gentlemen to make the canoe journey, incidents of which are depicted in our sketches. Starting by rail from Halifax with two companions, canoes, and all needful articles, a few hours' journey landed them at Annapolis, a town situated on the Bay of Fundy. Here they engaged the services of Peter Gload, an Indian guide, and procured a team to convey their birch-bark canoes a distance of fifteen miles to Fairy Lake, the head-waters of the Liverpool River. The canoes once launched, the camping kit, tents, guns, rods, and provisions were evenly distributed and packed, care being taken to reduce each load to a minimum, in case it were necessary to make any portages. From lake to lake the way lay through narrow channels, the openings often completely hidden by overhanging trees, and only discoverable by a diligent search. Paddling leisurely along, stopping occasionally to rest and cook, or to fill the baskets with fine trout, and camping toward evening on some convenient spot, they at length struck Lake Rossignol, a broad expanse of water some twenty miles in length, and dotted with innumerable islands. To cross this lake the services of an experienced guide are indispensable, as the surrounding landmarks in the woods are constantly obliterated by summer fires, and once fairly among the islands a stranger is easily bewildered.

Two days after crossing Lake Rossignol the party struck Liverpool River at Indian Gardens, and here trouble commenced in earnest. The river, rapid at all times, was unusually low, rocks protruded on every side from the broken surface, and here and there, in huge masses, firmly wedged together, lay drifts of timber logs, the result of the lumbermen's winter hewing. The steering of a canoe under these circumstances became a matter of skill. The leading bark was navigated by the Indian, the other canoe following as nearly as possible in his wake. On nearing a formidable rapid a halt was generally made for the purpose of reconnoitring. Sometimes, to avoid a dangerous fall, a portage had to be made, and everything carried on the back; but "lugging," as the Indians term it, not being a favorite occupation, the verdict in nine cases out of ten was in favor of running the rapid and taking the risk. Often the Indian would prefer to guide his canoe single-handed through the turbulent waters, leaving the travellers on the bank in the greatest suspense as to his safety and that of the provisions. At other times the man in the bow would crouch as low as possible to fend off treacherous half-sunken rocks, while the one in the stern would have to check the pace of the canoe, steer her, and keep her straight. In certain places the water was so shallow and the rocks so numerous that the simplest and safest plan, and the one involving the least labor, was to wade, and let the canoe down slowly, keeping a firm hold of the painter.

After a journey of over a hundred miles, Liverpool was reached, with clothes and canoes much the worse for wear. There was abundant compensation, however, in renewed health and strength, and the recollection of many pleasant hours passed on the lakes and in the woods. The only real drawback to a journey of this kind is the flies, which in early summer give the trout so much satisfaction and human beings so much annoyance. The Indians' theory, that "if you kill one, thousands come to his funeral," seems to be perfectly true. At the same time these and the mosquitoes are the only enemies the traveller has to fear. There are no venomous snakes or dangerous reptiles in Nova Scotia. He is neither alarmed by the alligator nor attacked by the lurking rattlesnake. The only animal that will ever venture resistance is the female bear; but if unmolested, she will invariably avoid him, and allow him to pursue his journey.

Thomas Station, Minn., *Aug.* 9, 1879.

Messrs. Morgan & Allen, 59 John St., N. Y. City:

Dear Sirs,—Last Sabbath I was at Fond du Lac and called on Mr. W. M. Carlton. I was surprised to find him so much improved; he told me that your medicine, "Constitution Water," had been the means of doing it. It has been the belief of every physician knowing of his case that there was no help for him.

Yours respectfully,
S. Ashley, Jr.,
Agent St. Paul & Duluth R. R.

"Constitution Water" has been pronounced by the medical faculty and the public to be the most wonderful remedy for the stomach, liver, kidneys, and bladder that has ever been offered. *It is not a spring water*, but a preparation by an eminent physician. For female complaints and childhood weakness a specialty. For sale by all Druggists. Depot 59 John St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

Publication Department A. M. E. Church,
Office of "The Christian Recorder,"
Philadelphia, Pa., *September* 23, 1879.

James B. Horner, Esq.,
59 Maiden Lane, N. Y. City:

Dear Sir,—Please send me three packages of your Marshall's Prepared Cubebs. My wife is suffering with a severe cold, and for the cure of all such diseases as Catarrh and cold in the head I have found nothing to equal your remedy. I suffered with Catarrh for seven years, and never had any relief until I tried your celebrated Cubeb Cigarettes, and to-day am entirely cured.

Yours very truly,
W. G. Watkins, D.D.

The above remedy for sale by druggists, cigar dealers, and at the Depot, 59 Maiden Lane, N. Y. City. Sample box sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of 25 cents.—[*Com.*]

The steam pipes, boilers, &c., of Messrs. H. K. & F. B. Thurber & Co., Carter, Hawley & Co., E. Eising & Co. are protected with H. W. Johns' Asbestos Boiler Coverings. H. W. Johns Manufacturing Company, No. 87 Maiden Lane, New York, Sole Manufacturers of genuine Asbestos Liquid Paints, Roofing, &c.—[*Com.*]

Many curious pieces of Antique English and Dutch Silver, a large collection of genuine Sèvres, Vienna, and Dresden Porcelain, old miniatures on Ivory, and other rare Bric-a-Brac, on free exhibition and for sale by Howard & Co., Jewellers, No. 264 Fifth Avenue, corner of 29th Street, New York.—[*Com.*]

Allen's Brain Food positively cures nervous debility. $1. Send for Circular. 315 1st Av. N. Y.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL

FULL WEIGHT
ROYAL
ABSOLUTELY PURE
ROYAL
BAKING POWDER

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

Made from Grape Cream Tartar.—No other preparation makes such light, flaky hot breads, or luxurious pastry. Can be eaten by dyspeptics without fear of the ills resulting from heavy, indigestible food. Sold only in cans, by all Grocers.
Royal Baking Powder Co., New York.

TO AGENTS—$1,000 FORFEITED if we don't prove that two gross, $72 worth, needle-threading thimbles, was retailed in a single day by our agents at 25 cents each, $5 to $10 a day being no unusual thing. A young farmer on horseback went through two counties and made $150 in four weeks. This patent thimble is no trick or humbug, but a real necessity, and will last a lifetime. Each thimble has a needle-threading attachment permanently combined for rapidly and easily threading needles, while sewing, saving time and eyesight. Ladies and tailors say it's worth $10. Sample by mail, 25c.; nine, $1; one dozen, $1.25; postage stamps taken; 10,000 agents wanted. Address SLENSBY MANUF'G CO., 88 First st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO THE PUBLIC.
BOKER'S BITTERS.
BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS & IMITATIONS.

In accordance with the desire frequently expressed, both in the United States and abroad, these Bitters, so long and justly celebrated for their fineness as a cordial, and for their medicinal virtues against all diseases of or arising from the digestive organs, will henceforth be put up and sold not only in quart but

ALSO IN PINT BOTTLES,

for medicinal, family, travelling, and other purposes. To be had at all the principal druggists, grocers, liquor merchants, &c.

L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Agent, New York,
Post-Office Box 1029. 78 John Street.

SPORTING ADVENTURES
IN THE
FAR WEST.

By J. M. Murphy. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

The sketches Mr. Murphy gives of the hunters, frontiersmen, and other eccentric half-civilized individuals who vegetate on the boundaries of savagedom, are in many instances graphic in the extreme.—*Examiner*, London.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

DIARY FREE for 1880, with postal information, improved interest-table, calendar, &c., &c., will be mailed on receipt of two 3 cent stamps, to any address, by writing to C. E. HIRES, Wholesale Botanic Druggist, 215 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

EPPS'S COCOA.
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Sold only in soldered tins, ½ and lb., labelled
JAMES EPPS & CO., *Homœopathic Chemists*,
London, Eng.

Cuticura
RESOLVENT.
THE NEW
BLOOD PURIFIER.

Fatal Humors Expelled,
Health Restored, and
Life Prolonged.

What are Skin and Scalp Diseases but the evidence of internal Humor ten times more difficult to reach and cure, which floats in the blood and other fluids, destroying the delicate machinery of life and filling the body with foul corruptions? What is consumption but a gathering of *inherited* Humors on the lungs, which rots them? What are mental infirmities, idiocy, and early insanity, but *hereditary* Poison choosing the brain because the weakest organ? What rheumatism and gout but accumulations of Scrofula in the joints and fluids? What ulceration of the liver, Bright's disease of the kidneys, diabetes, wasting and degeneration of the urinary organs, hemorrhoids, fistula, and other constitutional affections, but the evidence of a vitiated state of the blood, a weakness, a debility of the vitalizing fluids, greater than can be thrown off unless assisted by medicine peculiarly adapted to the purpose?

PURIFY THE BLOOD.
Eradicate the Virus of Disease by constitutional and Local Treatment.

Cuticura Resolvent is the greatest blood purifier, liver stimulant, and renovater in medicine. The elements of disease cannot exist where it is freely and regularly taken. It purges from the system every debilitating humor, improves the appetite, perfects digestion, stimulates the liver and kidneys, opens the bowels, and makes over the vitiated blood into a pure, vitalizing, and restorative fluid.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT.
Cuticura and Cuticura Soaps.

The Cuticura Resolvent is assisted in curing all humors that appear upon the surface by Cuticura, a Medicinal Jelly, which arrests all external symptoms of disease, eats away dead skin and flesh, allays inflammation, itching, and irritation, heals ulcers, sores, and wounds, and reproduces and beautifies the hair by allaying heat and irritation. It contains no grease, never becomes rancid, and is a natural Hair Dressing. Cuticura Medicinal Toilet Soap, prepared from Cuticura, for cleansing diseased surfaces, healing, softening, refreshing, and beautifying the skin, is invaluable. It is a toilet, bath, and nursery luxury. Cuticura Medicinal Shaving Soap is the first and only medicinal soap prepared expressly for shaving, and is extravagantly praised by gentlemen.

WONDERFUL CURES
Performed by the Cuticura Remedies.

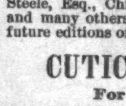
What cures of Blood and Skin Diseases and Scalp Affections with Loss of Hair can compare with those of the Hon. Wm. Taylor, Boston, State Senator of Massachusetts; Alderman Tucker, Boston; S. A. Steele, Esq., Chicago; F. H. Drake, Esq., Detroit, and many others, details of which may be found in future editions of this paper?

CUTICURA REMEDIES
For all Blood Humors,

Are prepared by Weeks & Potter, Chemists and Druggists, 360 Washington Street, Boston, 21 Front Street, Toronto, Ont., and 8 Snow Hill, London, and are for sale by all Druggists. Price of Cuticura, small boxes, 50 cents; large boxes, containing two and one half times the quantity of small, $1. Resolvent, $1 per bottle. Cuticura Medicinal Toilet Soap, 25 cents per cake. Cuticura Medicinal Shaving Soap, 15 cents per cake; in bars, for Barbers and large consumers, 50 cents.

COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTERS

A union of Electricity and Healing Balsams, are ten times more powerful than the best porous plaster for relieving Pain and Weakness of the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, and Back, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Sciatica. Placed over the pit of the Stomach they cure Dyspepsia, Bilious Colic, Diarrhœa, Cramps, and Pain, and prevent Ague and Malaria. Ask for Collins' Voltaic Electric Porous Plasters, 25 cents.



First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873.
C. WEIS { Manufacturer of Meerschaum Pipes. Wholesale and Retail. Send for Circular to 399 Broadway. Factories, Vienna and 398 Grand Street, N. Y.

40 ELEGANT CHROMO CARDS, with name, post-paid, 10c. **L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.**

CANDY Send one, two, three, or five dollars for a sample box, by express, of the best Candies in America, put up elegantly and strictly pure. Refers to all Chicago. Address C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
78 MADISON STREET, CHICAGO.

50 CARDS, an Elegant Pack in case, 10c. Old and Reliable House. DOWD & CO., Winsted, Conn.

For neatness, elegance of engraving, and contents generally, it is unsurpassed by any publication of the kind yet brought to our notice.—Pittsburgh Gazette.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

TERMS.

Four Cents a Number.

Single Subscriptions for one year, $1 50; Five Subscriptions, one year, $7 00—payable in advance. Postage free.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of order.

Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Order or Draft, to avoid risk of loss.

Address
HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

INDUCEMENTS FOR 1880 ONLY.

☞ *Thirteen Numbers of* Harper's Young People *will be furnished to every yearly subscriber to* Harper's Weekly *for* 1880; *or,* Harper's Young People *and* Harper's Weekly *will be sent to any address for one year, beginning with the first Number of* Harper's Weekly *for January,* 1880, *on receipt of* $5 00 *for the two Periodicals.*

PRESS NOTICES.

"Harper's Young People has been adopted as a School Reader in some of the schools in Tennessee and Kentucky."

We hasten to commend this new pictorial weekly for young folks. It contains a great deal of excellent reading at a low figure, and will be worth thousands of dollars to every community where the boys and girls are induced to read it, and its kind, in preference to the silly, corrupting stuff now so popular.—*Sunday-School Journal*, N. Y., edited by the Rev. Dr. Vincent.

The Young People has been from the first successful beyond anticipation.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

The articles and stories have a high tone, and are within the comprehension of the young; the illustrations have an educational point, instead of a demoralizing attraction, and altogether we may regard the publication as one of the best—if not the very best—of those which appeal directly to the tastes of the young people.—*N. Y. Star.*

Harper's Young People has won its way already to the hearts of its patrons. * * * It affords healthful reading for the young folk, and deserves hearty support.—*Utica Herald.*

Attractive, well filled, wholesome, and finely illustrated.—*Zion's Herald*, Boston.

If any of the young people for whom the pages are made do not like the reading provided for them, they must be altogether different from all the young people we have ever known.—*N. Y. Evening Mail.*

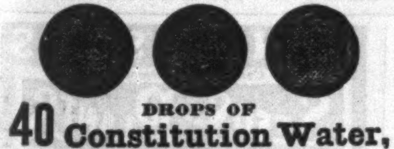
Young People is just as artfully suited to the tastes of boys and girls as Harper's other famous periodicals to the likings of adults. * * * The new paper promises to be a model of its kind. It is full of innocent fun and useful knowledge, made really entertaining. The pictures are many and good.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

A weekly paper for children which parents need not fear to let their children read at the family fireside.—*Hartford Daily Times.*

A very bright paper, * * * just the paper to take the eye and secure the attention of the boys and girls. —*Springfield Daily Union.*

Harper's Young People is edited with rare judgment, and the pictures and reading are as attractive as any child or parent can wish.—*The American Bookseller*, N. Y.

CONSTITUTION WATER.



40 DROPS OF Constitution Water, THREE TIMES A DAY,
CURES BRIGHT'S DISEASE, INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS, STONE IN THE BLADDER, CATARRH OF THE BLADDER, DIABETES, GRAVEL, BRICK-DUST DEPOSIT, CHILDHOOD WEAKNESS.
For Female Complaints a Specialty.
For sale by all Druggists. Send for Circular.
MORGAN & ALLEN, 59 John St., N. Y.

MAKE MONEY, ALL OF YOU!
Caxtonette Press, $8.00.
Caxton Press, $13.00.
COLUMBIAN PRESSES from $25 to $56; will do first-class work. All are SELF-INKING. Presses from $3.
CURTIS & MITCHELL, Boston, Ms.
Send Stamp for catalogue. Estab. 1847.

BARLOW'S INDIGO BLUE. THE FAMILY WASH BLUE. For Sale by Grocers. D. S. WILTBERGER, Prop., 233 N. Second St., Philadelphia.

10 PHOTOS OF ACTRESSES, 10 cts. Catalogue *free*. J. DEITZ, box 86, Ashland, Pa.

IT PAYS to sell our Rubber Hand Printing Stamps. Circulars free. G. A. Harper & Bro., Cleveland, O.

BUY THE CELEBRATED
LUPIN KID GLOVES

TWO BUTTONS, $0 85. FOUR BUTTONS, $1 25
THREE " 1 10. SIX " 1 50
MAILED UPON RECEIPT OF PRICE AND POSTAGE.
STERN BROTHERS
SOLE IMPORTERS
32 to 36 W. 23RD. ST N.Y.

A GREAT SUCCESS! 40,000 sold!! HEADLEY'S wonderfully *popular* work, the **LIFE AND TRAVELS of GEN. GRANT** is pronounced by the General's **intimate friends** the **best low-priced** work—hence the **splendid success** of Agents. ☞ **A MILLION people want HEADLEY'S book to-day.** We need **3000 MORE AGENTS AT ONCE!!** **BEWARE of imitations.** We send *proof* of superiority, *sample* leaves, *steel portrait* of Grant, and *full* particulars **free** to all desiring them. Address HUBBARD BROS., Publishers, 723 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., or 36 La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

NOVELTY CARRIAGE.
TO MOTHERS:—You take an Umbrella to protect you from Sun and Rain—why not use the same for the baby? Nothing will shield as well. Umbrellas put on old style of carriages.
L. P. TIBBALS,
820 Broadway, New York.
Beware of Imitations.

NOTICE.

EARLY VOLUMES OF HARPER'S WEEKLY AND HARPER'S BAZAR.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers beg leave to state that, six months from date, they will destroy the plates and all copies on hand of Harper's Weekly and Harper's Bazar up to the year 1869, inclusive. Parties desiring to complete their files of these journals are requested to send in their orders before July 31, 1880, as, after that date, the publishers will be unable to supply the numbers of the Weekly and Bazar issued before January, 1870.

BOUND VOLUMES.

Volumes of the Weekly or Bazar, bound in cloth, each containing the Numbers for a year, will be furnished for $7 00 each, sent by mail, postage prepaid.

There are 23 volumes of the Weekly and 12 volumes of the Bazar now ready.

GIVEN AWAY New Scarlet Striped Geranium **NEW LIFE!** By mail, paid. To any one sending us **$1.25** for **5** plants of this Geranium, we will *add a plant gratis*. A single plant mailed free for **40c.** ☞ Our Catalogue containing Colored Plate of above Geranium **free.** We also send by mail, prepaid, **13 Ever-Blooming Roses,** flowering size, labeled, for **$1.25.** INNISFALLEN GREENHOUSES, Springfield, O.

AGENTS WANTED to sell Dr. Chase's 2000 Recipe Book. *New Price-List.* You double your money. Address Dr. Chase's Printing House, Ann Arbor, Mich.

CELLULOID EYE-GLASSES representing the choicest selected Tortoise-Shell & Amber. The lightest, handsomest, & strongest known. Sold by Opticians and Jewellers. Made by SPENCER O. M. CO., 13 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

EDUCATE Your Boys! Give them a Printing Press. All prices, from $1.50 up. Business Men do your own Printing. Economy is wealth. The best presses made by J. F. W. Dorman Baltimore, Md. Price List Free.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT FLAVORING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES, AND SAUCES.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," &c. CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label.

"Consumption in England increased tenfold in ten years."

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 43 Mark Lane, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by PARK & TILFORD, SMITH & VANDERBEEK, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO., and J. MILHAUS & SONS.

Peck & Snyder
PROFESSIONAL DEAD BALL

DEALERS in Base Ball, Fishing Tackle, Archery, Tennis, and all Sporting Games, will please send us their business card, and receive our new prices for this season.
PECK & SNYDER,
124 & 126 Nassau St., N. Y.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, One Year	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, One Year	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, One Year	1 50

A COMBINATION OFFER.

Harper's Magazine Harper's Weekly Harper's Bazar	One Year	$10 00
Harper's Magazine Harper's Weekly	One Year	7 00
Harper's Magazine Harper's Bazar	One Year	7 00
Harper's Weekly Harper's Bazar	One Year	7 00
Harper's Weekly Harper's Young People	For Year 1880 **only**.	5 00

The Volumes of the *Weekly* and *Bazar* begin with the first Numbers for January, and the Volumes of the *Magazine* with the Numbers for June and December of each year.

Subscriptions will be commenced with the Number of each Periodical current at the time of receipt of order, except in cases where the subscriber otherwise directs.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

GUNS Lowest prices ever known on **Breech-Loaders, Rifles, & Revolvers.** **OUR $15 SHOT-GUN** at greatly reduced price. Send stamp for our New Illustrated Catalogue. P. POWELL & SON, 238 Main Street, CINCINNATI, O.

FREE! FREE! FREE!—An immense Descriptive Catalogue of Novels, Romances, Plays, and Farces. Books on Magic, Fortune Telling, Boxing, Swimming, and Cooking. Also, Wigs, Moustaches, and Face Preparations. Mailed free by C. T. DE WITT, Publisher, 33 Rose st., N. Y.

American Made WATCHES, Stem-Winders, good timekeepers, for $5. Sent on receipt of the price. GEO. E. SMITH & CO., 335 Broadway, N. Y. Watchmakers' Tools and Materials.

CLEAR HAVANA Small Cigars, "Infantes," $11 00 per 1000. Sample box by mail, 30c. (Ag'ts wanted.) J. M. AGUERO, 246 6th Ave., N. Y.

PRESSES & TYPE, Cheap. 6¼ x 9¼ Rotary Press $60. Send 2 stamps for catalogue of all sizes. D. W. Watson, 12 P. O. Sq., Boston, Mass.

RELIABLE.
Before
Copyrighted.
After

DYKES' BEARD ELIXIR A Wonderful Discovery. Forces heavy Moustache or Beard even on smooth faces in from 20 to 30 days. These cuts are from the original, and show a positive result from its use. It works like magic and never fails. No possible injury to the skin, easily applied and certain in effect. Pkg. post-paid 25cts. 3 for 50cts. L. L. SMITH & CO. Sole Ag'ts, Palatine, Ill. All others counterfeit.

$66 A week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Me.

SALESMEN WANTED $125 A Month and Expenses selling to DEALERS **CIGARS** SAMPLES FREE. Send 3c. STAMP to insure answer. S. FOSTER & CO., Cincinnati, O.

$72 A Week. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me.

18 ELEGANT New Style Chromo Cards, with name, 10c., postpaid. Geo. I. Reed & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

$777 A Year and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

HARPER & BROTHERS' LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

I.

SPORTING ADVENTURES IN THE FAR WEST. By J. M. Murphy. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

II.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HOMERIC POEMS. A Lecture. By Dr. Hermann Bonitz. Translated from the Fourth German Edition. By Lewis R. Packard. Square 16mo, Cloth, 75 cents.

III.

POPULAR ASTRONOMY—SCHOOL EDITION. By Simon Newcomb, LL.D., Professor U. S. Naval Observatory. With 112 Engravings and 5 Maps of the Stars. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

IV.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. A History. By Robert Mackenzie. 4to, Paper, 15 cents.

V.

SHAKESPEARE'S KING JOHN. Edited, with Notes, by William J. Rolfe, A.M. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, 70 cents; Paper, 50 cents.

Uniform with *Rolfe's English Classics:* The Merchant of Venice.—Julius Cæsar.—The Tempest.—Henry VIII.—Richard II.—Macbeth.—A Midsummer-Night's Dream.—Henry V.—As You Like It.—Hamlet.—Much Ado About Nothing.—Romeo and Juliet.—Othello.—Twelfth Night.—The Winter's Tale.—King John.—Goldsmith's Select Poems.—Gray's Select Poems. 16mo, Cloth, Illustrated. 70 cents per volume; Paper, 50 cents per volume.

VI.

TENNYSON'S SONGS, WITH MUSIC. Songs from the Published Writings of Alfred Tennyson. Set to Music by various Composers. Edited by W. G. Cusins. With Portrait and Original Illustrations by Winslow Homer, C. S. Reinhart, A. Fredericks, and Jessie Curtis. Royal 4to, Cloth, Gilt Edges, $5 00.

VII.

M'CARTHY'S HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES. A History of Our Own Times, from the Accession of Queen Victoria to the Berlin Congress. By Justin McCarthy. Vol I. (containing Vols. I. and II. of the English Edition), 12mo, Cloth $1 25.

VIII.

CIVIL SERVICE IN GREAT BRITAIN. A History of Abuses and Reforms, and their Bearing upon American Politics. By Dorman B. Eaton. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

IX.

ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS. Edited by John Morley. The following volumes are now ready:

HAWTHORNE. By Henry James, Jr.
12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

SOUTHEY. By Edward Dowden.
MILTON. By Mark Pattison.
BURKE. By John Morley.
THACKERAY. By Anthony Trollope.
ROBERT BURNS. By Principal Shairp.
SPENSER. By Dean Church.
DANIEL DEFOE. By William Minto.
GOLDSMITH. By William Black.
HUME. By Professor Huxley.
SHELLEY. By J. A. Symonds.
SIR WALTER SCOTT. By R. H. Hutton.
EDWARD GIBBON. By J. C. Morison.
SAMUEL JOHNSON. By Leslie Stephen.
12mo, Cloth, 75 cents a volume.

X.

AN INVOLUNTARY VOYAGE. By Lucien Biart. Author of "The Adventures of a Young Naturalist." Translated by Mrs. Cashel Hoey and Mr. John Lillie. With Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

XI.

AMERICAN BALLADS. By Thomas Dunn English, M.D., LL.D. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 40 cents.

XII.

MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE RÉMUSAT. 1802–1808. Edited, with a Preface and Notes, by her Grandson, Paul de Rémusat, Senator. Translated by Mrs. Cashel Hoey and Mr. John Lillie. Part I., 4to, Paper, 10 cents. Part II., 4to, Paper, 10 cts.

XIII.

ART IN AMERICA. A Critical and Historical Sketch. By S. G. W. Benjamin. Profusely Illustrated. 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, $4 00.

XIV.

THE BOY TRAVELLERS IN THE FAR EAST. Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey to Japan and China. By Thomas W. Knox. Illustrated. 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, $3 00.

XV.

STUDIES OF THE GREEK POETS. By John Addington Symonds. Revised and Enlarged by the Author. In Two Volumes. Square 16mo, Cloth, $3 50.

THE NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Golden-Rod. 25 cents.

Othello the Second. By Frederick W. Robinson. 20 cents.

Mademoiselle de Mersac. 15 cents.

Cousin Simon. By the Hon. Mrs. R. Marsham. 10 cts.

Friend and Lover. By Iza Duffus Hardy. 15 cents.

The Queen of the Meadow. By Charles Gibbon. 15 cents.

The Greatest Heiress in England. By Mrs. Oliphant. 15 cents.

Sir John. 15 cents.

Nell—On and Off the Stage. By B. H. Buxton. 15 cts.

A Doubting Heart. By Annie Keary. 15 cents.

Little Miss Primrose. By the Author of "St. Olave's," &c. 15 cents.

Donna Quixote. By Justin McCarthy. 15 cents.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ Harper's Catalogue *mailed free on receipt of Nine Cents in stamps.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.

SOUTHERN PALESTINE AND JERUSALEM.

BY

WILLIAM M. THOMSON, D.D.,

Forty-five Years a Missionary in Syria and Palestine.

140 ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAPS.

CONDITIONS.

This work will be published within a few weeks in One Square Octavo Volume, beautifully executed in type, paper, and binding; and contains nearly 700 pages, 140 Illustrations and Maps, and two full and carefully prepared indexes. It will be sold only by Canvassing Agents.

Prospectus Books now ready.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.